Coughlin Exposed!

Begin John L. Spivak's Articles with This Issue

FIFTEEN CENTS

November 28, 1939

NEW MASSES

Charles E. Coughlin and His Frenzied Financial Gymnastics

FULLY DOCUMENTED

A Series by John L. Spivak

Finland Pays Its Debt

by Alter Brody

CARTOONS BY GROPPER, REDFIELD, REA, AND RICHTER

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Between Ourselves

FOUR weeks ago the New York *Herald Tribune* printed a column story predicting that NM's following issue would be its last. Remember the duplicate we printed of their story? This week a curious epilogue to that tale occurred. The day the first Spivak article hit the newsstands and our five column announcement of the series appeared in the New York *Times*, the *Herald Tribune* folks thought things over quickly. As we opened the door we found an agent of Mrs. Ogden Reid, who runs the *Trib*. He wanted the same ad that appeared in the *Times*. "Curious," we said. "Don't you know your paper said four weeks ago we were to fold the next week? Do you want to take an ad from a ghost?" But of course the paper's editorial department had said that; the men in the business department are realists.

The P.S. to that story is, of course, he didn't get the ad. There's a P.P.S. to the story, too. We're realists, also. We knew the Coughlin series would get the general support of the American people. They see eye to eye with us. Listen to this: we doubled our normal amount of copies on the New York stands that first day and at this writing they are selling out. A crew of fifty NM salesmen on the streets, advertising the issue with huge placards in color of our cover, sold in that one day as much as they usually sell in a full week. People crowded the office asking for copies, many of them wanting bulk orders for their friends and organizations.

But, being realists, we are not satisfied. We know twice as many, three times as many, readers can be obtained on the Spivak series. To date, dear reader, you have helped us nobly in all our appeals. Today we have an appeal of a new type —and we know you will help.

We want you to take NM and spread it far and wide across the country.

Here's why we must continue to appeal to you.

The evening before the magazine appeared we sent a press release to every key newspaper in the country and to all radio networks. We told them we had placed the documentary evidence of Coughlin's financial finaglings in the hands of federal authorities. The evidence warrants investigation and legal action by the attorney general's office, the Post Office authorities, and the Bureau of Internal Revenue. Every paper except the *Daily Worker* and the *Daily Morning Freiheit* sabotaged the story. Not a word did they say about the story

So that puts it up to you again, as always *you*. The commercial press, as ever, find the truth too hot to handle. So you must do it.

You want an end to racial hatred, to the fascist propaganda Coughlin is broadcasting regularly? Here is what we suggest:

1. Subscribe and get new subscribers. Write in for the "Who Is Silver Charlie?" sub booklets. Each has four blanks for the special introductory sub to NM at the introductory rate of $2 for 25 weeks.

2. Get copies of NM in bulk for yourself or prospective NM fans by forwarding us a list of names and addresses and the issues desired. We'll mail orders of ten copies or more at the special rate of 10 cents per copy. (Remember, the series will not be published in pamphlet form.)

3. Get your newsstand dealers to carry NM. Be a special newsstand—and library—inspector for us.

It's up to you. We're doing all we can: you are the ones who will really put it over.

Receipts during the past week in NM's financial drive spurted to $1,694.80. The total received to date is $5,271.06, which leaves us still more than $1,500 short of the $7,000 needed to tide us over the year.

Big doings are planned for Webster Hall, Saturday night, December 2. The occasion is NM's twenty-eighth birthday ball. Everybody's coming: to mention a few, Ruth McKenney, John L. Spivak, Marc Blitzstein, Bruce Minton, William Blake, Bill Gropper, Gardner Rea, Harold Rome, Redfield, Mike Gold, Mordecai Bauman, Reinhardt, Richter, and—we haven't enough space on this page! Gerald Clark and his Caribbean Serenaders (Calypso recorders) will provide the novelty rhythms. They will be assisted by the Duke of Iron, famed Trinidad Troubadour, who will provide those wonderful Trinidad ballads. Also on the entertainment list are Bill Matons, the Calypso kid, and Ailes Gilmore, assisted by the Calypso dancers. Corking rhythms will be provided by Dick Carroll and his ten-piece hot swing orchestra. If you buy your ticket for the ball in advance, now, it is only $1.00. Your tariff at the door on December 2 will be $1.50. Get in touch with Jean Stanley, CAledonia 5-3076, or mail your order in.

John L. Spivak

In case you missed the first article of Spivak's amazing investigation which appeared in last week's issue, here's a synopsis: After an introduction that shows how the affairs, financial and ideological, of the Royal Oak fuehrer are being conducted outside the pale of the Roman Catholic Church, Spivak presents letters and documents from Prewitt Semmes, Coughlin's lawyer, admitting such points. The organizational finaglings of The National Union for Social Justice, Inc., and the Radio League of the Little Flower, Inc., are laid bare together with their officers and aims. Transference of funds from Sainte Therese Parish and the Radio League of the Little Flower to the political corporation of The National Union for Social Justice, Inc., is shown. There is a hilarious interview with the officers of Aircasters, Inc., a stooge agency that handles Coughlin's broadcasts. Stanley Boynton, its president, is revealed as a Coughlin employee. But you really ought to get the issue of November 21, and read all the disclosures yourself.

Who's Who

ADAM LAPIN is the Washington correspondent of the *Daily Worker*. . . . Alter Brody is a well known writer and authority on Eastern Europe. . . . Marc Frank is NM's correspondent in Mexico. . . . Major Allen Johnson was an officer of the Fifteenth International Brigade in the Spanish war. . . . Fred Keller was a political commissar of the Lincoln-Washington Battalion. . . . Isidor Schneider, a former literary editor of NM, is the author of *From the Kingdom of Necessity*.

Flashbacks

MEMO for those who seek to silence Earl Browder by sending him to prison: Nov. 24, 1934, Tim Buck, general secretary of the Communist Party of Canada, said on being released from the penitentiary, "I was a Communist when I went into prison, and I am a better one now that I am released." P.S. Mass pressure forced the unwilling government to release him before his sentence had been served out.

This Week

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Two weeks' notice is required for change of address. Notification direct to us rather than to the post office will give the best results.

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NEW MASSES

VOLUME XXXIII NOVEMBER 28, 1939 NUMBER 10

Coughlin's Frenzied Finance

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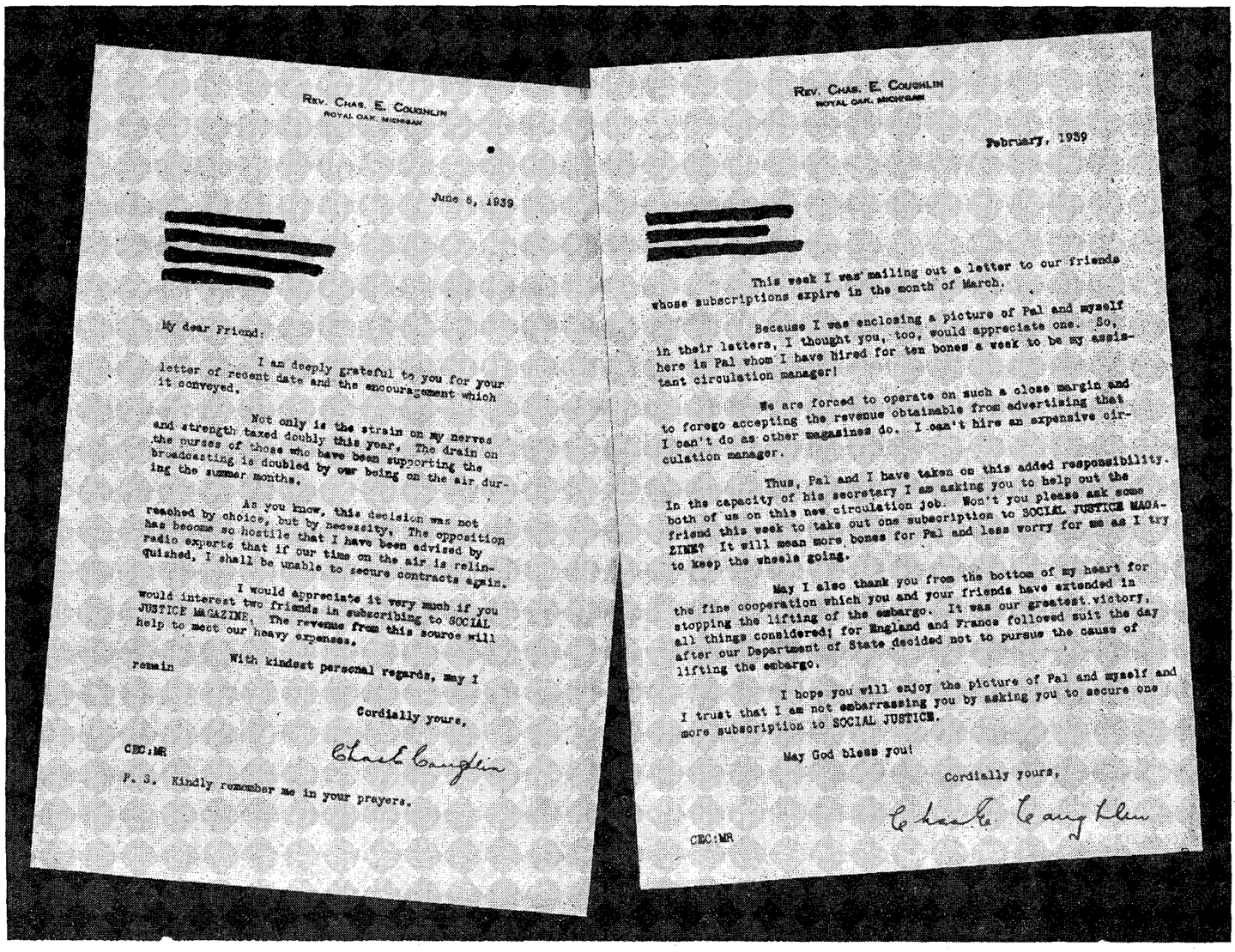
The second of John L. Spivak's documented exposures of Silver Charlie's financial schemes. Who owns "Social Justice"? The mysterious Mr. Kinsky. How the Social Justice Poor Society got rich without any money, and other fiscal gymnastics.

OWNERSHIP of the Social Justice Publishing Co. which issues *Social Justice* magazine has allegedly changed hands several times since the periodical was founded in 1936 by the Rev. Charles E. Coughlin, the radio priest of Royal Oak, Mich. At the present moment three persons "own" it as trustees. These three are a timid $20 a week bookkeeper employed by *Social Justice,* a smalltown but hopeful politician who worked closely with a man who conferred secretly with Nazi agents operating in this country, and a mysterious individual who heads another Coughlin-inspired corporation which collects hundreds of thousands of dollars from the public and who refuses to open his mouth without legal advice.

The alleged changes in ownership of the magazine are flecked with mysteries equaled only by the magazine's finances and the location of the publishing offices.

Neither the Catholic Church nor the vast number of contributors to the corporations organized by Father Coughlin have ever seen the books of the various corporations to ascertain just how much came in or what was done with it. The figures I have been able to gather



Rev. Chas. E. Coughlin
ROYAL OAK, MICHIGAN

June 6, 1939

[redacted]

My dear Friend:

I am deeply grateful to you for your letter of recent date and the encouragement which it conveyed.

Not only is the strain on my nerves and strength taxed doubly this year. The drain on the purses of those who have been supporting the broadcasting is doubled by our being on the air during the summer months.

As you know, this decision was not reached by choice, but by necessity. The opposition has become so hostile that I have been advised by radio experts that if our time on the air is relinquished, I shall be unable to secure contracts again.

I would appreciate it very much if you would interest two friends in subscribing to SOCIAL JUSTICE MAGAZINE. The revenue from this source will help to meet our heavy expenses.

With kindest personal regards, may I remain

Cordially yours,

Charles Coughlin

CEC:MR

P. S. Kindly remember me in your prayers.

Rev. Chas. E. Coughlin
ROYAL OAK, MICHIGAN

February, 1939

[redacted]

This week I was mailing out a letter to our friends whose subscriptions expire in the month of March.

Because I was enclosing a picture of Pal and myself in their letters, I thought you, too, would appreciate one. So, here is Pal whom I have hired for ten bones a week to be my assistant circulation manager!

We are forced to operate on such a close margin and to forego accepting the revenue obtainable from advertising that I can't do as other magazines do. I can't hire an expensive circulation manager.

Thus, Pal and I have taken on this added responsibility. In the capacity of his secretary I am asking you to help out the both of us on this new circulation job. Won't you please ask some friend this week to take out one subscription to SOCIAL JUSTICE MAGAZINE? It will mean more bones for Pal and less worry for me as I try to keep the wheels going.

May I also thank you from the bottom of my heart for the fine cooperation which you and your friends have extended in stopping the lifting of the embargo. It was our greatest victory, all things considered; for England and France followed suit the day after our Department of State decided not to pursue the cause of lifting the embargo.

I hope you will enjoy the picture of Pal and myself and I trust that I am not embarrassing you by asking you to secure one more subscription to SOCIAL JUSTICE.

May God bless you!

Cordially yours,

Charles Coughlin

CEC:MR

THE ROXY TOUCH. *Like the late S. L. Rothafel, Coughlin knows the commercial uses of piety. These "personal" subscription appeals, signed by various hands, lug in prayer, God, Pal, the embargo, and "Social Justice" magazine. His self-identification with the financial responsibilities of "Social Justice" is evident.*

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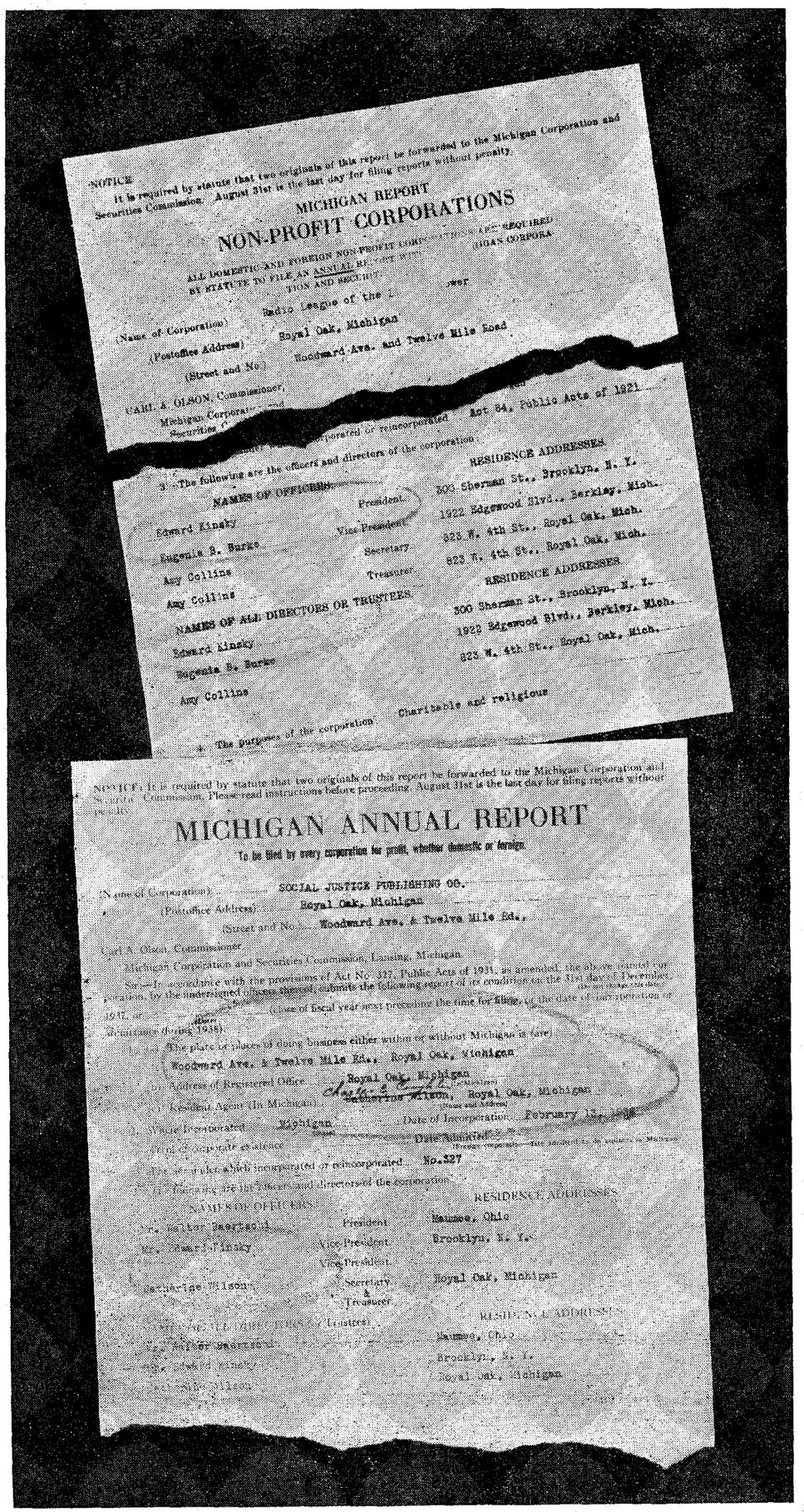

NOTICE
It is required by statute that two originals of this report be forwarded to the Michigan Corporation and Securities Commission. August 31st is the last day for filing reports without penalty.

MICHIGAN REPORT
NON-PROFIT CORPORATIONS

(Name of Corporation) Radio League of the Little Flower
(Postoffice Address) Royal Oak, Michigan
(Street and No.) Woodward Ave. and Twelve Mile Road

CARL A. OLSON, Commissioner,
Michigan Corporation and Securities Commission, Lansing, Michigan.

3. The following are the officers and directors of the corporation

NAMES OF OFFICERS		RESIDENCE ADDRESSES
Edward Kinsky	President	300 Sherman St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Eugenia R. Burke	Vice-President	1922 Edgewood Blvd., Berkley, Mich.
Amy Collins	Secretary	823 W. 4th St., Royal Oak, Mich.
Amy Collins	Treasurer	823 W. 4th St., Royal Oak, Mich.

NAMES OF ALL DIRECTORS OR TRUSTEES	RESIDENCE ADDRESSES
Edward Kinsky	300 Sherman St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Eugenia R. Burke	1922 Edgewood Blvd., Berkley, Mich.
Amy Collins	823 W. 4th St., Royal Oak, Mich.

4. The purposes of the corporation Charitable and religious

NOTICE: It is required by statute that two originals of this report be forwarded to the Michigan Corporation and Securities Commission. Please read instructions before proceeding. August 31st is the last day for filing reports without penalty.

MICHIGAN ANNUAL REPORT
To be filed by every corporation for profit, whether domestic or foreign

(Name of Corporation) SOCIAL JUSTICE PUBLISHING CO.
(Postoffice Address) Royal Oak, Michigan
(Street and No.) Woodward Ave. & Twelve Mile Rds.

Carl A. Olson, Commissioner
Michigan Corporation and Securities Commission, Lansing, Michigan

Sir:—In accordance with the provisions of Act No. 327, Public Acts of 1931, as amended, the above named corporation, by the undersigned officers thereof, submits the following report of its condition on the first day of December, 1937, or ... (close of fiscal year next preceding the time for filing, or the date of incorporation if incorporated during 1938).

The place or places of doing business either within or without Michigan is (are)
Woodward Ave. & Twelve Mile Rd., Royal Oak, Michigan
Address of Registered Office Royal Oak, Michigan
Resident Agent (In Michigan) Catherine Wilson, Royal Oak, Michigan
Where Incorporated Michigan Date of Incorporation February 15, 1928
If a corporate grantee
The date under which incorporated or reincorporated No. 327
The following are the officers and directors of the corporation

NAMES OF OFFICERS		RESIDENCE ADDRESSES
Walter Overhold	President	Maumee, Ohio
Edward Kinsky	Vice President	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Vice President		
Catherine Wilson	Secretary & Treasurer	Royal Oak, Michigan

NAMES OF ALL DIRECTORS OR TRUSTEES (Trustees)	RESIDENCE ADDRESSES
Walter Overhold	Maumee, Ohio
Edward Kinsky	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Catherine Wilson	Royal Oak, Michigan

THE SILENT PARTNER. *Corporation reports of the Radio League of the Little Flower show the mysterious Edward Kinsky as president and trustee. Social Justice Publishing Co., Inc., reports the same Mr. Kinsky as vice president.*

show that the "take" has been around $2,000,000 in the past few years. These millions have been handled by "officers and directors" of the Coughlin-organized corporations; and these "officers and directors" usually turned out to be Silver Charlie and two of his underpaid secretaries.

Appeals for contributions and support are always going out from the priest. To me the most charming thing about these appeals is the high moral, religious, and patriotic plane on which they are issued. His letters pleading for more subscribers to *Social Justice* are marked by a regular routine of a pious "God bless you" and "Remember me in your prayers." When it's not a prayer he worries about the poor and the destitute, as when he organized the strange corporation called "The Social Justice Poor Society," with which I shall deal in this article.

JUDAS' FAVORITE METAL

The last time he took up his vocal and typesetting cudgels for the poor it turned out that his orations tended to raise the price of silver. Oddly enough, it also turned out that he held half a million ounces of the metal in the name of his secretary, Amy Collins. He had bought it on a 10 percent margin in the same stockmarket he was denouncing and every time silver went up 1 cent he made a neat little profit of $5,000.

That was several years ago and when I found in the pages of *Social Justice* and his orations over the air the same concern for the poor coupled with a harrowing fear that this country was going to the dogs in a hurry with Roosevelt and the New Deal, I began to wonder. I'm a little leery of self-anointed "patriots," especially those who foam at the mouth and find a Communist in every pot.

There are two important points the reader should bear in mind in considering the details I shall present in this article: First, the direction of the entire publishing business has been and is controlled by ownership of ten shares of stock which the lone incorporator, Charles E. Coughlin, originally sold to the lone stockholder, Charles E. Coughlin. Second, Prewitt Semmes, attorney for Social Justice Publishing Co., bluntly told the archbishop of Detroit that the magazine is not and never was an organ of the Catholic Church. It is a private business venture run for profit by officers of the company, according to the attorney. Since it is a private business with no connection with the Catholic Church its offices are presumably separate from the church offices.

The editorial, business, and circulation offices of *Social Justice* are in Royal Oak. I went there to call upon E. Perrin Schwartz editor of the magazine and president of the publishing company. I never thought that I'd meet with any difficulty in locating the offices of a publishing house doing a big national business, or that there was anything mysterious about where the offices were. When I got to Royal Oak I casually looked for the address and phone number in the Royal O-

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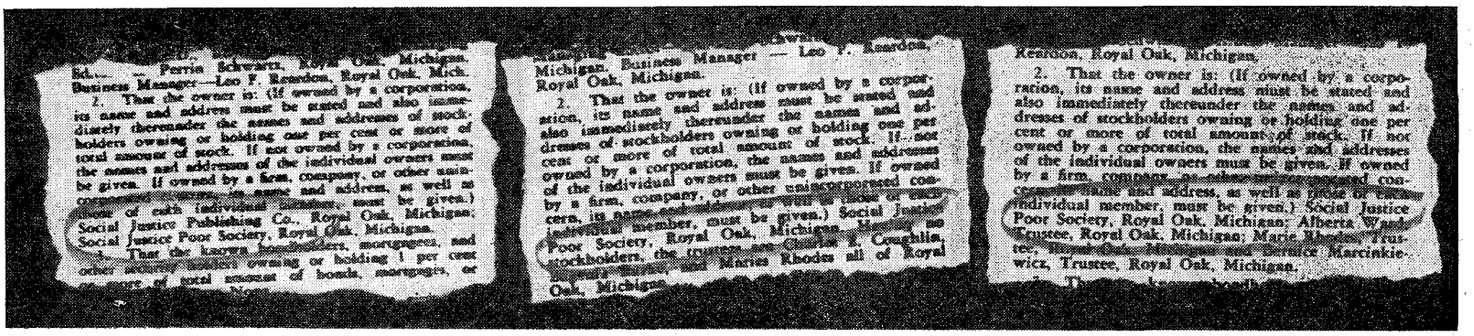


"NOW HE OWNS IT; NOW HE DON'T." *In the clipping of the "Social Justice" magazine statement of ownership on the left, dated January 1939, the owner is listed as Social Justice Publishing Co. and Social Justice Poor Society. In February 1939 the center clipping lists the owner as the Social Justice Poor Society, Charles E. Coughlin, trustee. In September 1939 the righthand clipping shows Father Coughlin slipping out of the Poor Society altogether, although it is listed as owner of "Social Justice" magazine.*

telephone book. When I couldn't find it, I thought that the editor and publishers had over-dramatized their fear of "Jews and Communists" and had an unlisted number. I then tried to find the address in the city directory. The publishing firm wasn't listed there, either.

THE NEWSPAPERS DON'T KNOW

When I can't find a well known or even a little known place in a town, I usually phone the city desk of the local newspaper, and the desk can almost invariably tell me. So I called the Royal Oak *Tribune*. The city editor didn't know where the Social Justice Publishing Co. offices were but he would ask his reporters. After five minutes, the city editor told me that neither he nor his staff knew where the big national magazine's offices were.

"Why don't you call the Shrine?" he suggests ed. "They'd know."

By this time I was beginning to suspect where the offices were located but I wanted to check once more. I telephoned police headquarters and asked for the address. After ten minutes of querying policemen, the officer at headquarters said no one knew but "Why don't you call the Shrine of the Little Flower? They'll be able to tell you."

I called the Shrine and asked the girl at the switchboard for the address of Social Justice Publishing Co.

"Who's calling?" she asked.

"I just want the address of the publishing company," I said.

"You can write to the Shrine if you wish to get in touch with any of the departments."

"Oh," I said, "you get the mail at the Shrine?"

"Yes. This is where things are sent," she said cheerfully.

"Well, I want to talk with E. Perrin Schwartz, the editor."

"He isn't here at the moment but you can reach him here during regular working hours."

"Is that his office?"

"Yes. He's home at present, though."

"Is Mr. Leo Reardon, the business manager of *Social Justice*, in?"

"He just stepped out but you can get him here during working hours when he's not out of town."

"Is there any other office where I can get Mr. Schwartz or Mr. Reardon?"

"Not that I know of," she laughed. "This is the only place where you can reach them."

"What's Mr. Schwartz' address? Perhaps I can get in touch with him at his home."

"I don't know his address but you can write to him care of the Shrine."

After a few more inquiries I learned that Mr. Schwartz' phone number is Royal Oak 0997. His daughter answered the phone.

"Mr. Schwartz is not in," she said.

"Is he at his office?"

"I believe he is."

"Could you give me his office address?"

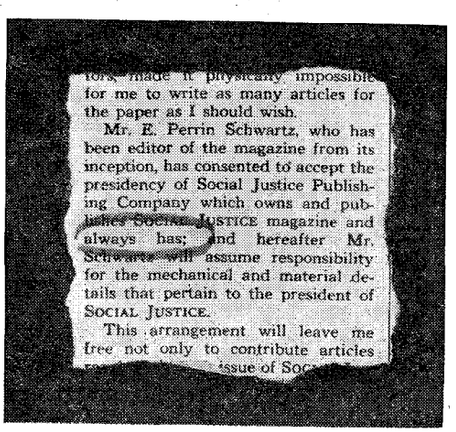
"I don't know the address," said the daughter.

"Could you let me have the last address and perhaps the building superintendent could tell me where they moved to?"

"I couldn't give you the address," she said with an embarrassed giggle. "You'll have to get that from him."

MONEY-CHANGERS IN THE TEMPLE

Additional inquiries and talks with *Social Justice* employees disclosed that phone calls to the privately owned magazine are received via the Shrine, mail for the magazine's various departments is received at the Shrine, the records of the publishing firm are kept in the church, and employees of the publishing company work in the church. No rent is paid by this private publishing business and the church itself is tax-exempt because it is supposed to minister to the spiritual needs of its parishioners and not use the premises for a private business operating for profit. This is especially interesting since the owners of the publishing business using the church for their offices solemnly swore that *Social Justice* "was not and is not now an organ of the Catholic Church."


for me to write as many articles for
the paper as I should wish.
Mr. E. Perrin Schwartz, who has
been editor of the magazine from its
inception, has consented to accept the
presidency of Social Justice Publish-
ing Company which owns and pub-
lishes SOCIAL JUSTICE magazine and
always has; and hereafter Mr.
Schwartz will assume responsibility
for the mechanical and material de-
tails that pertain to the president of
SOCIAL JUSTICE.
This arrangement will leave me
free not only to contribute articles

"AND ALWAYS HAS." *Those three little words in the phrase ". . . Social Justice Publishing Company which owns and publishes 'Social Justice' magazine and always has . . ." contradicts the published statement in that magazine that the Social Justice Poor Society owned it.*

(At this point, in all fairness, I should state that in a subsequent article I shall present the claims made by Prewitt Semmes, attorney for Father Coughlin who, after consultation with the priest, hastily airmailed me a long letter stating that the phone calls, records, etc., do not come through and are not kept at the Shrine. I will recount my interview with Silver Charlie's lawyer and the additional explanations he made after he had conferred with the radio priest.)

Mystery also surrounds the residence of the editor of the magazine and president of the publishing company. I learned that E. Perrin Schwartz had been hopping around as if a sheriff were after him with a shotgun. Last year he lived at 1719 Sycamore Ave. At the Shrine, after persistent attempts to get his address, they finally told me he lived at 1058 Oakridge. Actually he lives at 2215 Maplewood Ave., a few blocks from the Shrine, in a two-story wooden frame building.

Mrs. Schwartz, a strapping woman with a belligerent look, opened the door for me and her husband came forward from another room when I asked for him. Schwartz is an old newspaperman, now in his late fifties, bald, with a little sandy mustache which quivers on his lip and a crouch to his shoulders as if he's always ready to duck some missile. He ushered me into his library which consisted of a narrow room with a commercial typewriter desk, a typewriter, and a couple of books.

"I'm from NEW MASSES," I said when we had seated ourselves.

He jumped from his chair and grabbed my hand, pumping it vigorously. "Well!" he ex-

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claimed. "What do you know! From NEW MASSES, eh? What do you know!"

"I'd like an interview," I said.

"Certainly! But, Christ! I'm not the personality guy. I'm hardly the personality——"

His wife had apparently overheard my introduction, and came in glaring at me.

"I'm hardly the personality sketch," he repeated nervously. "Father's the one—he's the personality sketch——"

"What does he want?" his wife demanded.

"He's from NEW MASSES," Schwartz beamed. "He wants an interview."

"You're not going to give it to him?"

"Certainly! Certainly! Jesus! Why not? He's a newspaperman—just like me. Why not?—even though I'm hardly the personality sketch——"

"I don't think you should," she said.

"Please!" He turned to her and motioned irritably with his hands. "I can hardly think with you standing there beside me. Please!"

"I don't think you should talk," she repeated, a little more firmly. "You'll get into trouble and probably get fired."

"Please!" he begged. "Let me handle my own affairs. What the hell is this, anyway!"

"You're not going to give him an interview," she announced definitely.

This business of the editor and president of a national weekly whose followers threaten to show the country "the Franco way" being dominated by his wife and, of all places, in the presence of a reporter from NEW MASSES, was apparently too much for him and he exploded. "The hell I won't! God damn it! Please!" he ended fiercely.

"LET ME TALK"

He turned to me: "What do you want to know? What do you want to know?" he asked. The words tumbled out as if he feared she would stop him at any moment.

"I should like to know——" I began.

His wife turned furiously upon me.

"If I had known who you were I'd never have let you in!"

The editor waved his hands frantically. "Please!" he shouted to his wife. "God damn it! Please!"

She became quiet and I said, "I wanted to ask you something about the policy of the paper."

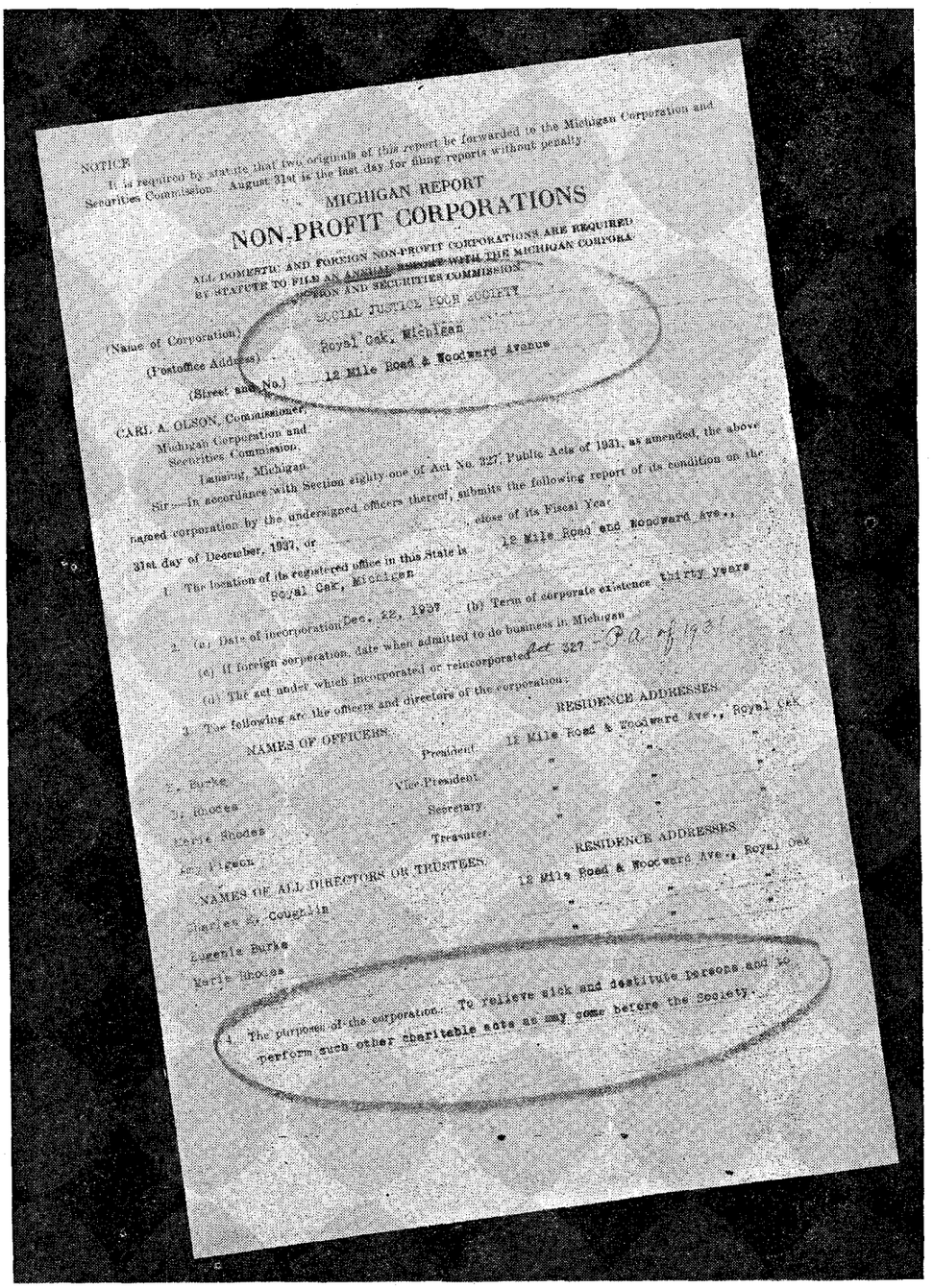
"I have nothing to do with the policy! I don't make the policy. Father Coughlin's the man to ask that. I'm just a newspaperman—I just carry out instructions. I'm just the technical help. He's the personality sketch!"

He jumped from his chair again and paced the narrow room. Suddenly he swore a beautifully rounded oath which was technically perfect. I'm sorry I can't repeat it in a family paper. Then he turned to me.

"Who the hell wants a Schwartz paper?" he demanded. "Nobody gives a—— for what I have to say. It's what Father says. He's the personality——"

"Sketch?" I asked.

"That's right! He's the personality sketch! Now, so far as I'm concerned——"



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MICHIGAN REPORT
NON-PROFIT CORPORATIONS

ALL DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN NON-PROFIT CORPORATIONS ARE REQUIRED BY STATUTE TO FILE AN ANNUAL REPORT WITH THE MICHIGAN CORPORATION AND SECURITIES COMMISSION

(Name of Corporation) SOCIAL JUSTICE POOR SOCIETY
(Postoffice Address) Royal Oak, Michigan
(Street and No.) 12 Mile Road & Woodward Avenue

CARL A. OLSON, Commissioner
Michigan Corporation and Securities Commission.
Lansing, Michigan.

Sir—In accordance with Section eighty-one of Act No. 327, Public Acts of 1931, as amended, the above named corporation by the undersigned officers thereof, submits the following report of its condition on the 31st day of December, 1937, or close of its Fiscal Year.

1. The location of its registered office in this State is 12 Mile Road and Woodward Ave., Royal Oak, Michigan

2. (a) Date of incorporation Dec. 22, 1937 (b) Term of corporate existence thirty years
(c) If foreign corporation, date when admitted to do business in Michigan
(d) The act under which incorporated or reincorporated Act 327 - P.A. of 193

3. The following are the officers and directors of the corporation.

NAMES OF OFFICERS		RESIDENCE ADDRESSES
[illegible] Burke	President	12 Mile Road & Woodward Ave., Royal Oak
[illegible] Rhodes	Vice President	" " "
Carrie Rhodes	Secretary	" " "
Amy Pigeon	Treasurer	" " "

NAMES OF ALL DIRECTORS OR TRUSTEES	RESIDENCE ADDRESSES
Charles E. Coughlin	12 Mile Road & Woodward Ave., Royal Oak
Eugenia Burke	" " "
Marie Rhodes	" " "

4. The purposes of the corporation. To relieve sick and destitute persons and to perform such other charitable acts as may come before the Society.

THE POOR POOR SOCIETY. *Indigent indeed was the Social Justice Poor Society founded in Christmas week, 1937. It had no assets, no liabilities, no property, and no members. The*

"You're not going to give him an interview," his wife announced again, this time belligerently.

"Let me talk!" he shouted. "God damn it! Let me talk! Jesus!"

She moved on him with a menacing step and he suggested hastily, "Why don't you step down to the rectory? See any of Father's secretaries. They'll tell you everything. There's nothing to hide——"

"I came to you because you are the editor and, I believe, also the president of *Social Justice* magazine——"

"Yes. Of course. I'm the president and editor but I'm just a technical man. I don't have a thing to say. I just carry out instructions. Christ! Can't you see that?"

"I think I can," I grinned.

His wife turned balefully on me.

"You can't stay here!" she announced furiously.

"Oh, Jesus!" Schwartz groaned and sank limply into a chair. Suddenly he grabbed the telephone and called the Shrine number.

"Get me Leo Reardon," he shouted. Apparently Reardon wasn't in and Schwartz continued excitedly: "There's a reporter here from NEW MASSES—NEW MASSES, you know—that Communist sheet! Yes! In my house! Right now! He wants an interview——"

"You're not going to give it," his wife interrupted again.

He looked up at her pleadingly.

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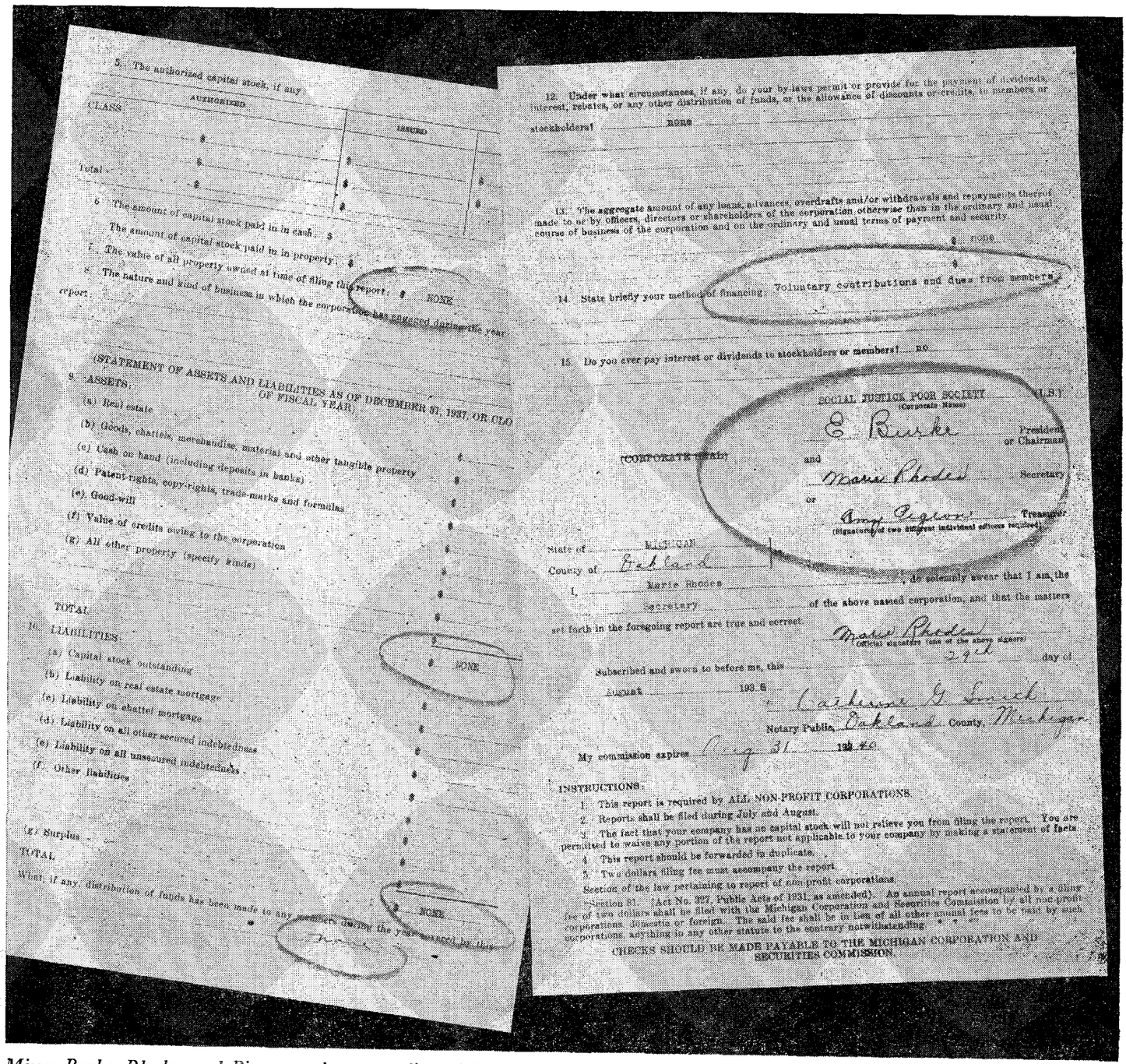

5. The authorized capital stock, if any

CLASS	AUTHORIZED	ISSUED
	$	$
	$	$
Total	$	$

6. The amount of capital stock paid in in cash $

The amount of capital stock paid in in property $

7. The value of all property owned at time of filing this report: $ NONE

8. The nature and kind of business in which the corporation has engaged during the year report

(STATEMENT OF ASSETS AND LIABILITIES AS OF DECEMBER 31, 1937, OR CLO OF FISCAL YEAR)

9. ASSETS:

(a) Real estate $

(b) Goods, chattels, merchandise, material and other tangible property

(c) Cash on hand (including deposits in banks)

(d) Patent rights, copy-rights, trade-marks and formulas

(e) Good-will

(f) Value of credits owing to the corporation

(g) All other property (specify kinds)

TOTAL $ NONE

10. LIABILITIES:

(a) Capital stock outstanding

(b) Liability on real estate mortgage

(c) Liability on chattel mortgage

(d) Liability on all other secured indebtedness

(e) Liability on all unsecured indebtedness

(f) Other liabilities

(g) Surplus

TOTAL $ NONE

What, if any, distribution of funds has been made to any members during the year covered by this

12. Under what circumstances, if any, do your by-laws permit or provide for the payment of dividends, interest, rebates, or any other distribution of funds, or the allowances of discounts or credits, to members or stockholders? none

13. The aggregate amount of any loans, advances, overdrafts and/or withdrawals and repayments thereof made to or by officers, directors or shareholders of the corporation otherwise than in the ordinary and usual course of business of the corporation and on the ordinary and usual terms of payment and security $ none

14. State briefly your method of financing: Voluntary contributions and dues from members $

15. Do you ever pay interest or dividends to stockholders or members? no

SOCIAL JUSTICE POOR SOCIETY (L.S.)
(Corporate Name)

E. Burke President or Chairman

(CORPORATE SEAL) and Marie Rhodes Secretary

or Josephine Pigeon Treasurer

(Signatures of two different individual officers required)

State of MICHIGAN

County of Oakland

I, Marie Rhodes, do solemnly swear that I am the Secretary of the above named corporation, and that the matters set forth in the foregoing report are true and correct.

Marie Rhodes (Official signature [one of the above signers])

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 29th day of August 1938

Catherine G. Smith

Notary Public, Oakland County, Michigan

My commission expires Aug 31 1940

INSTRUCTIONS:

1. This report is required by ALL NON-PROFIT CORPORATIONS.
2. Reports shall be filed during July and August.
3. The fact that your company has no capital stock will not relieve you from filing the report. You are permitted to waive any portion of the report not applicable to your company by making a statement of facts.
4. This report should be forwarded in duplicate.
5. Two dollars filing fee must accompany the report.

Section of the law pertaining to report of non-profit corporations:

"Section 81. [Act No. 327, Public Acts of 1931, as amended]. An annual report accompanied by a filing fee of two dollars shall be filed with the Michigan Corporation and Securities Commission by all non-profit corporations, domestic or foreign. The said fee shall be in lieu of all other annual fees to be paid by such corporations, anything in any other statute to the contrary notwithstanding. * * *"

CHECKS SHOULD BE MADE PAYABLE TO THE MICHIGAN CORPORATION AND SECURITIES COMMISSION.

Misses Burke, Rhodes, and Pigeon set it up to relieve sick and destitute persons, etc. Now look at the 1938 report of the society on the following pages.

I don't know what the person at the other end said to Schwartz but the editor shouted back: "It's the God damned Heebs and the Communists! Why don't you ask Father?"

There was another pause while somebody apparently consulted with the radio priest. Then Schwartz said, "All right, I'll tell him."

"Father's too busy to see you," he said. "You can go over if you wish but I don't think you'll get anyone to say a damned word."

"Is the Shrine your headquarters now?" I asked.

"Yes. Sure."

"You've talked enough," his wife said grimly.

Schwartz turned to me.

"I'd like to give you an interview," he said almost plaintively, "but I can't say anything."

He and his wife escorted me to the door. She opened it with a dramatic gesture.

He looked at me and shook his head regretfully. "Jesus!" he said.

"I understand," I said sympathetically.

Two very important points came out in this brief conversation. First: the editor of the publication and the president of the corporation which issues *Social Justice* is "just a technical man" and has nothing to say about the policy or what goes into the magazine. He just "carries out instructions." "Father" is the man who directs the policy and the magazine as well as the corporation which issues it. Second: offices of *Social Justice* are at the Shrine of the Little Flower, a tax-exempt church. Perhaps the Catholic Church, to whom the property really belongs, may find this point interesting, especially in view of the letter Father Coughlin's attorney wrote to the archbishop of Detroit.

COUGHLIN'S OWN MAGAZINE

From the very beginning of *Social Justice*, Father Coughlin made it his own. He plugged it on the air, in the pages of the magazine, and through the mails. He was anxious to get enormous circulation for it because of his planned 1936 political campaign in which he tried to put his own man in the White House. In this period, when he used his high office as priest to attack the President of the

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United States with personal insults, his ecclesiastical superiors expressed their profound displeasure. Silver Charlie was curbed a bit on the air and for a while it looked as if *Social Justice* magazine, which was supposed to be owned by the Radio League of the Little Flower, might also be curbed.

That year, 1937, according to a report made to the Michigan Corporation and Securities Commission, Silver Charlie stepped aside as president of the corporation. The new president was one Walter Baertschi of Maumee, O. The vice president was one Edward Kinsky of Brooklyn, N. Y., and the secretary-treasurer a lady named Catherine Wilson. As is typical of Coughlin outfits, the directors of the corporation were the same trio.

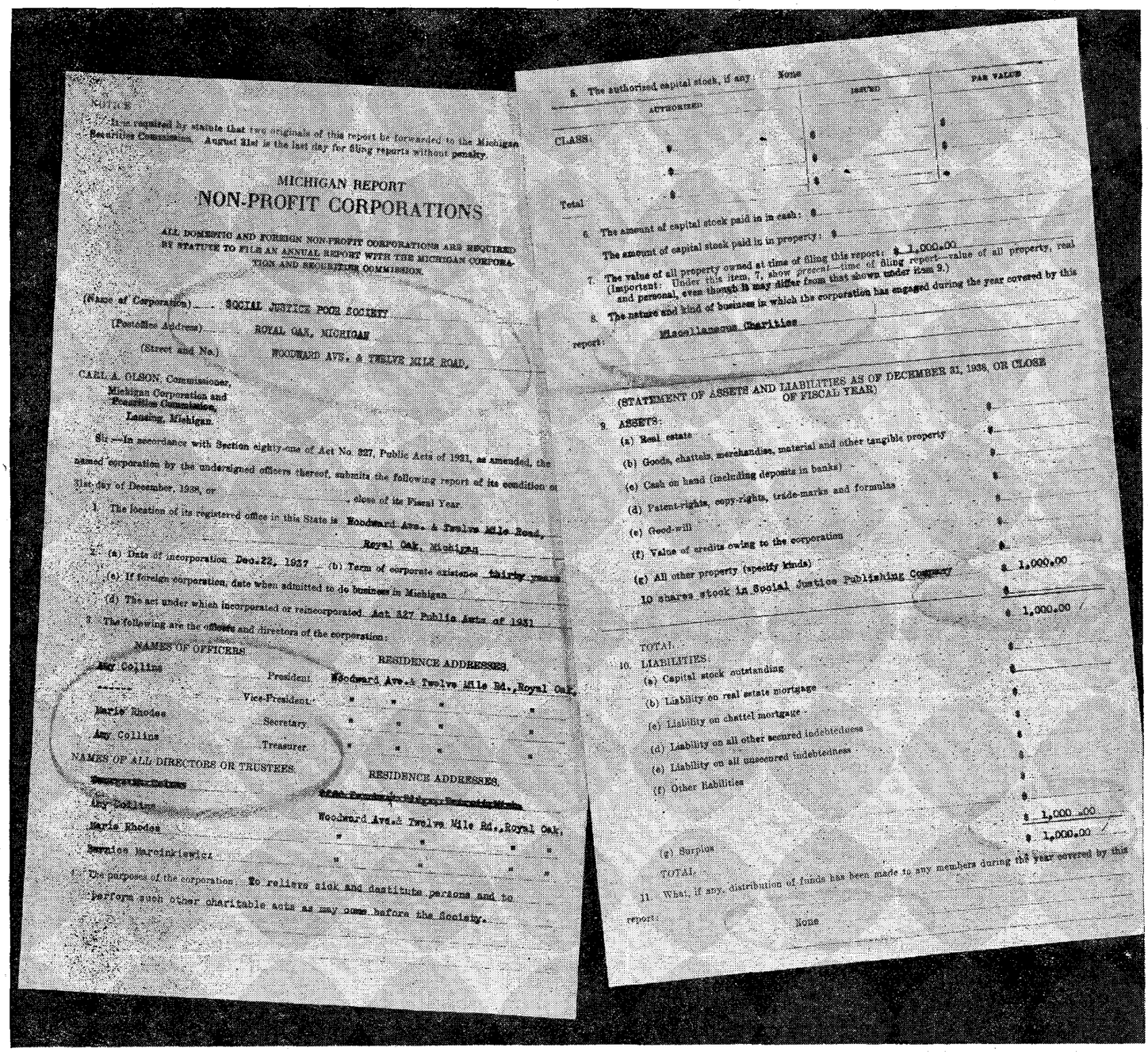
Let us first consider the lady who handles the books and the money. Catherine Wilson is an employee of Social Justice Publishing Co. (Social Security Card No. 371-05-9242). After holding down the important jobs of secretary and treasurer of a publishing firm doing a national business, the gal finally achieved the munificent wage of $24 a week.

Walter Baertschi, the president, is an old Coughlinite with political ambitions of his own. He once tried to build a political group with the selling line "help your neighbor." He organized and incorporated Friends & Neighbors, Inc., elected himself president in Coughlin fashion, held meetings at his home, and generally got nowhere. Disappointed but not discouraged, he hooked up with Silver Charlie when the priest was pushing the National Union for Social Justice. Directing the Coughlin-Lemke party, behind which was the National Union for Social Justice, was Newton Jenkins of Chicago who, during this period, met secretly with Nazi agents operating in this country. Baertschi worked closely with Jenkins.

BAERTSCHI SAYS IT'S HIS

On one occasion Baertschi addressed a huge protest meeting directed against Msgr. Mooney, archbishop of Detroit who, as Coughlin's church superior, sought to curb the priest's harangues over the air. At this meeting, held on Nov. 14, 1937, in Carmen's Hall, Ashland and Van Buren Sts., Chicago, Baertschi made a very significant statement.

He said that he had purchased *Social Jus-*



MICHIGAN REPORT
NON-PROFIT CORPORATIONS

ALL DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN NON-PROFIT CORPORATIONS ARE REQUIRED BY STATUTE TO FILE AN ANNUAL REPORT WITH THE MICHIGAN CORPORATION AND SECURITIES COMMISSION.

(Name of Corporation) SOCIAL JUSTICE POOR SOCIETY
(Postoffice Address) ROYAL OAK, MICHIGAN
(Street and No.) WOODWARD AVE. & TWELVE MILE ROAD.

CARL A. OLSON, Commissioner,
Michigan Corporation and Securities Commission,
Lansing, Michigan.

Sir:—In accordance with Section eighty-one of Act No. 327, Public Acts of 1931, as amended, the named corporation by the undersigned officers thereof, submits the following report of its condition at the close of business on the 31st day of December, 1938, or close of its Fiscal Year.

1. The location of its registered office in this State is Woodward Ave. & Twelve Mile Road, Royal Oak, Michigan
2. (a) Date of incorporation Dec. 22, 1937 (b) Term of corporate existence thirty years
(c) If foreign corporation, date when admitted to do business in Michigan
(d) The act under which incorporated or reincorporated Act 327 Public Acts of 1931
3. The following are the officers and directors of the corporation:

NAMES OF OFFICERS		RESIDENCE ADDRESSES
Amy Collins	President	Woodward Ave.& Twelve Mile Rd.,Royal Oak,
------	Vice-President	" " " "
Marie Rhodes	Secretary	" " " "
Amy Collins	Treasurer	" " " "

NAMES OF ALL DIRECTORS OR TRUSTEES	RESIDENCE ADDRESSES
Amy Collins	Woodward Ave.& Twelve Mile Rd.,Royal Oak,
Marie Rhodes	" " " "
Harmon Harabiewicz	" " " "

4. The purposes of the corporation To relieve sick and destitute persons and to perform such other charitable acts as may come before the Society.

5. The authorized capital stock, if any None

CLASS	SHARES	PAR VALUE
		$
		$
		$
Total		$

6. The amount of capital stock paid in in cash: $
The amount of capital stock paid in in property: $
7. The value of all property owned at time of filing this report: $ 1,000.00
(Important: Under this item, 7, show present time of filing report—value of all property, real and personal, even though it may differ from that shown under item 9.)
8. The nature and kind of business in which the corporation has engaged during the year covered by this report: Miscellaneous Charities

(STATEMENT OF ASSETS AND LIABILITIES AS OF DECEMBER 31, 1938, OR CLOSE OF FISCAL YEAR)

9. ASSETS:

(a) Real estate	$
(b) Goods, chattels, merchandise, material and other tangible property	$
(c) Cash on hand (including deposits in banks)	$
(d) Patent-rights, copy-rights, trade-marks and formulas	$
(e) Good-will	$
(f) Value of credits owing to the corporation	$
(g) All other property (specify kinds)	$ 1,000.00
10 shares stock in Social Justice Publishing Company	$
TOTAL	$ 1,000.00

10. LIABILITIES:

(a) Capital stock outstanding	$
(b) Liability on real estate mortgage	$
(c) Liability on chattel mortgage	$
(d) Liability on all other secured indebtedness	$
(e) Liability on all unsecured indebtedness	$
(f) Other Liabilities	$
	$
	$ 1,000.00
(g) Surplus	$ 1,000.00
TOTAL	

11. What, if any, distribution of funds has been made to any members during the year covered by this report: None

THE POOR SOCIETY GETS RICH. *One year later the Social Justice Poor Society, whose address is the Shrine of the Little Flower at Royal Oak, had $1,000 worth of stock in "Social Justice" magazine, all that is available. It's listed as the sole owner of the magazine now. The sick and*

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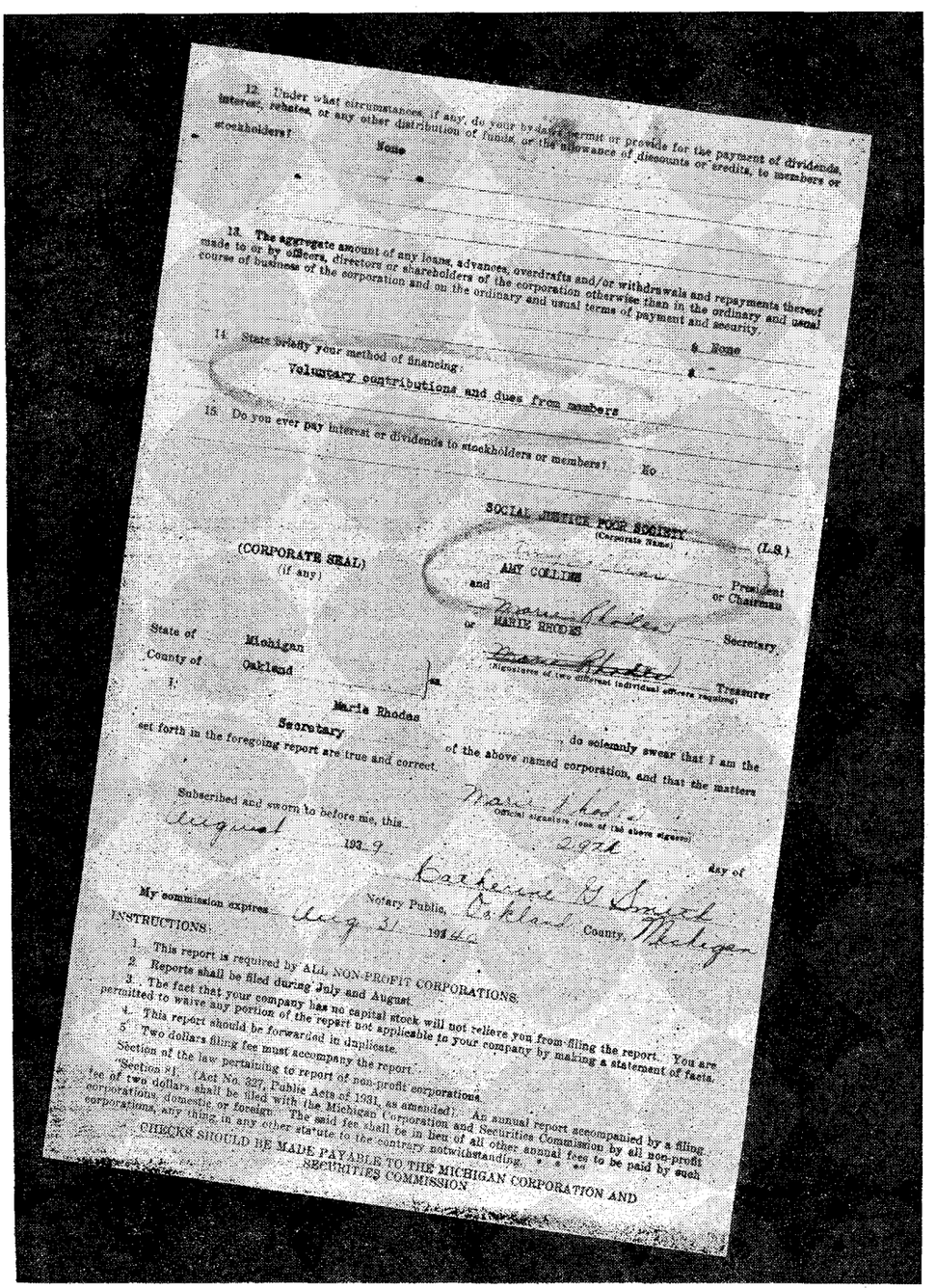
tice from Father Coughlin, through an arrangement the terms of which he did not disclose, that he, alone, individually owned the paper, and that he paid for it. There were some five thousand persons in the audience—five thousand witnesses. The truth of this statement was admitted to me by Prewitt Semmes, Father Coughlin's attorney.

On March 5, 1937, many months before Baertschi said he bought the magazine, Amy Collins, treasurer of the publishing company, wrote to the Michigan Unemployment Compensation Commission asking for tax exemption on the grounds that *Social Justice* was really owned by a non-profit-making corporation, the Radio League of the Little Flower. If, then, the Radio League owned the magazine, the ten shares of stock (since no others were ever issued) were turned over to the league and Silver Charlie was no longer the owner. If, on the other hand, Baertschi purchased the magazine from Father Coughlin—and Coughlin's own lawyer admits that Baertschi got it—then Amy's letter was a deliberate, fraudulent attempt to avoid paying unemployment insurance for the workers about whom Silver Charlie worries so much—in his speeches.

The third officer and director of this private business venture is Edward Kinsky of 300 Sherman St., Brooklyn, N. Y., and 76 Beaver St., Manhattan, in the heart of the financial district. Kinsky is a rather mysterious figure who likes to fly around in planes even though it worries his mother half to death. He is not only vice president of Social Justice Publishing Co. but is also president of the Radio League of the Little Flower which Amy says owns the publishing company. As I shall show in a subsequent article, even his lawyer doesn't know what his business is.



12. Under what circumstances, if any, do your by-laws permit or provide for the payment of dividends, interest, rebates, or any other distribution of funds, or the allowance of discounts or credits, to members or stockholders? None

13. The aggregate amount of any loans, advances, overdrafts and/or withdrawals and repayments thereof made to or by officers, directors or shareholders of the corporation otherwise than in the ordinary and usual course of business of the corporation and on the ordinary and usual terms of payment and security. $ None

14. State briefly your method of financing: $ —
Voluntary contributions and dues from members

15. Do you ever pay interest or dividends to stockholders or members? No

SOCIAL JUSTICE POOR SOCIETY (Corporate Name) (L.S.)
(CORPORATE SEAL) (If any)
AMY COLLINS President or Chairman
and
or MARIE RHODES Secretary
Treasurer
(Signatures of two different individual officers required)

State of Michigan
County of Oakland } ss.

Maria Rhodes, Secretary, do solemnly swear that I am the of the above named corporation, and that the matters set forth in the foregoing report are true and correct.

Official signature (one of the above signers)

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 29th day of Nov. 1939

Notary Public, Oakland County, Michigan

My commission expires Dec. 31, 1940

INSTRUCTIONS:
1. This report is required by ALL NON-PROFIT CORPORATIONS.
2. Reports shall be filed during July and August.
3. The fact that your company has no capital stock will not relieve you from filing the report. You are permitted to waive any portion of the report not applicable to your company by making a statement of facts.
4. This report should be forwarded in duplicate.
5. Two dollars filing fee must accompany the report.

Section of the law pertaining to report of non-profit corporations.

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CHECKS SHOULD BE MADE PAYABLE TO THE MICHIGAN CORPORATION AND SECURITIES COMMISSION

destitute persons are still waiting the performance of "charitable acts." Of course, the Poor Society is just a dummy organization to hold "Social Justice" stock.

"SEE MY ATTORNEY"

I found Kinsky, a tall, heavy-set man with cleancut features, in the offices of Keelon & Co., Rooms 1205-6, at the Beaver St. address. Francis P. Keelon, head of this firm, is a foreign exchange speculator on whose estate in Great Barrington, Mass., the Coughlin-Lemke Union Party was born in June 1936.

"I'm sorry," Kinsky said somberly when I introduced myself, "I can't tell you anything about the Radio League or *Social Justice* magazine. You'll have to see my attorney."

"I'm just trying to check on whether you are president of the Radio League and vice president of *Social Justice*. Why is it necessary to see your attorney for a simple matter like that?"

"He'll tell you," he said heavily.

"These are public and semi-public organizations. One of them, the Radio League, is collecting hundreds of thousands of dollars from the people. I assume there's nothing mysterious about the way the Radio League or *Social Justice* finances are handled?"

"You'll have to see my lawyer," he said again.

"Could you tell me what your business is?"

"My lawyer will tell you."

"But you have offices here——"

"He'll tell you that, too. I can't say anything."

"Who is your attorney?"

"Prewitt Semmes, Penobscot Bldg., Detroit."

"Isn't he Father Coughlin's personal attorney, too?"

"You'll have to ask him. I can't say anything."

Federal laws require all publishers of periodicals to list the owners, stockholders, etc. On Feb. 6, 1939, *Social Justice* published a statement, sworn to, signed and sealed, that its owner is the Social Justice Publishing Co. and the Social Justice Poor Society. Three weeks later, on Feb. 27, 1939, it published another statement which gave the owner as the Social Justice Poor Society. This latter organization had no stockholders so it simply listed the trustees. These, oddly enough, turned out to be the old triumvirate: Silver Charlie, Eugenia Burke, and Marie Rhodes.

THE "POOR SOCIETY"

Apparently, then, the Radio League of the Little Flower, which was supposed to own *Social Justice,* transferred the ten shares of stock to the Poor Society—which brings us to this strange corporation organized by the priest.

As is usual with Coughlin corporations, the Poor Society started from scratch. It didn't have one red cent, not even a stick of furniture for the officers to sit on while they went

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into business. Let's examine this new corporation, its officers, trustees, why it came into existence, and take a peek at its finances.

THE ARCHBISHOP ACTS

In October 1937 it looked like trouble with Coughlin's archbishop. This was when Coughlin's attorney wrote the chancellor of the Archdiocese of Detroit that *Social Justice* was a private business and that it didn't intend to submit to "editing" by anyone except its owners. The archbishop, acting upon papal instructions, had simply tried to get a little truth into the magazine. There was the possibility that if Coughlin could be kept off the air by his church superiors, Social Justice Publishing Co. might be curbed too.

While Coughlin was uncertain as to what his archbishop would do, the Social Justice Poor Society appeared and made its bow to the world on Dec. 22, 1937. It announced, on that high Christian plane which the priest uses so much, that it was organized "to relieve sick and destitute persons and to perform such other charitable acts as may come before the society." Headquarters were established in the tax-exempt church of the Shrine of the Little Flower. The officers of this charitable outfit were: president, E. Burke; vice president, D. Rhodes; secretary, Marie Rhodes; treasurer, Amy Pigeon.

As I have already pointed out, Eugenia Burke, Dorothy Rhodes, and Marie Rhodes are underpaid employees of Social Justice Publishing Co. and Amy Pigeon is none other than Amy Collins, the "Half-Million Ounces of Silver" baby. Amy married and used her husband's name in this instance; on other occasions she used her maiden name. I guess it just depended upon how she felt when she signed an official document.

The directors of this new corporation with such touching interest in the poor are the famous trio: Charles E. Coughlin, Eugenia Burke, Marie Rhodes.

CHARITY BEGINS AT THE SHRINE

By the end of 1937, which was a few days after it was incorporated, the new organization naturally made no effort to aid the poor and destitute or perform charitable acts. It was the Christmas season and the priest and the two gals were too busy celebrating the birth of One Who was the acme of charity to trouble about the destitute. By the end of 1938, however, the corporation had had a full year to get into stride and start its multitudinous activities on behalf of the poor—and God knows there are enough of them in the Detroit area.

After this year's arduous efforts during which they plunged headlong into "miscellaneous charities," the organization's assets (which means the money collected to aid the poor and destitute and what was done with it) came to the grand total of:

Real estate	None
Cash	None
Good Will	None
Credits due corporation	None
All other property	$1,000
Total assets	$1,000

At the end of this year's hectic activities on behalf of the poor and the various "miscellaneous charities" in which it engaged, the society had a total of $1,000 which consisted of ten shares of Social Justice Publishing Co. stock—the same old ten shares which have been running the gamut from Coughlin to the Radio League to Baertschi to the Poor Society to third base: no dues, no cash, no members.

Between the time it was incorporated with the officers and trustees as I listed them, and the time the first year's "work" for the poor was finished, the priest thought he'd better step out of the picture, so Amy Pigeon became Amy Collins again and took over the presidency and (as always) the treasurership. Marie Rhodes remained as secretary. Since all non-profit-making corporations in Michigan must have at least three directors or trustees a third gal, Bernice Marcinkiewicz, was added to Amy and Marie. They became trustees of the corporation "to aid the poor."

By Oct. 9, 1939, Amy stepped out as trustee and Alberta Ward took over. Alberta, as I mentioned earlier, is the gal who audits the books of the Social Justice Publishing Co. for $20 a week.

With this information before us, we find a signed statement by Silver Charlie himself which may interest the United States postal officials. On Sept. 11, 1939, the priest published an announcement in *Social Justice* that E. Perrin Schwartz "has consented to accept the presidency of Social Justice Publishing Co. which owns and publishes *Social Justice* magazine and always has. . . ."

"Always has." These, I think, are two fateful words and yet, on Oct. 9, 1939, in compliance with the federal laws, E. Perrin Schwartz, as president of the corporation, submitted a sworn statement to the post office that the magazine is owned by Social Justice Poor Society with the same three gals I mentioned as the trustees.

It seems to me that this dizzy whirl of alleged changes in ownership of the magazine and the sworn statements made to the federal authorities warrant a bit of investigation by the Post Office inspectors.

JOHN L. SPIVAK.

Next week: The $20 a week auditor and trustee of the Poor Society does a little explaining about the discrepancies between the publishing company's income tax reports and those made to the state; also an official statement from the Catholic Church as to what it knows of Silver Charlie's finances. Subsequent articles will reveal details of Coughlin's secret meetings with Nazi agents and the link between him and Henry Ford.

The Visions of St. Genevieve

"The pact of steel wasn't meant as a platonic policy, but a policy of action," Hitler repeated to his collaborators.—Madame Genevieve Tabouis in the N. Y. *Mirror.*

Speaking for the Russian government, Molotov replied, "Until the democracies declare officially that they want to restore White Russia and the Ukraine to a reconstituted Poland resulting from future peace offers, Russia will not participate in a war against France and England."—Madame Genevieve Tabouis in the *New Republic.*

Lights burn on the Wilhelmstrasse,
In Moscow there's a pretty passe,
Things are stinky
In Helsinki.

What did Hitler say to Hess?
Muddleheads can only guess.
What did Goering say to that?
What was said in Buryat?

Madame tells you, word by word;
She wasn't there, she only heard.

Away with telephone and wireless;
Madame's crystal ball is tireless.
Inside the ships that cleave the sea
Lurks keen Genevieve Tabouis.

She hears the speeches never said
And jots them down right in her head.

What dark word was said in closet?
What black deed was said to cause it?
How did Zhdanov phrase his threat?
Madame can reveal it, stet.
Beneath the rug, behind the stair,
The little girl who wasn't there—
Dame Rumor's name is now Tabouis
Remodeled *dans le dernier cri.*

One failing hath Madame Tabouis,
Under her nose she cannot see,
Into 10 Downing she cannot get
Or into Daladier's Cabinet.
Fraud and chicanery thrive in Russia
And fearful dissension racks all Prussia,

Latvia and Estonia live in gloom
But there's nothing wrong with Leon Blum;
She tells what Hoover said to Landon
But not what Bonnet slipped to Flandin.
And nothing's up old Neville's sleeve
In the visions of St. Genevieve.

BARNABY HOTCHKISS.

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Incomplete Pass to Panama

Adam Lapin, who knows his Washington, gives the inside story of the Roosevelt-Welles ship shift. Who wants to be sold into war for shipowners' profits?

Washington.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S veto of the proposal to evade the new Neutrality Act by transferring American merchant ships to Panamanian registry is a tribute to the power of public opinion rather than to the President's devotion to peace and neutrality. The President not only openly favored the plan at first, but was himself involved in the surreptitious moves that preceded the announcement of the United States Lines' request to the Maritime Commission for permission to transfer the registry of nine ships. As a lesson in administration policies toward the shipping interests, maritime labor, and the war the whole matter is highly revealing.

Profits and foreign policy now dovetail perfectly. American business men and merchants are in enthusiastic accord with the concept of active neutrality in favor of the Allies. Hence the new *entente cordiale* between business and the administration, and hence the growing misgivings of organized labor.

Ideally suited for the job of executing our present rather cynical and hardboiled business man's foreign policy is Sumner Welles, the State Department's undersecretary. The President and Welles make an efficient and closely knit team. Welles was always a "realist"—even when Cordell Hull was still issuing platitudinous manifestoes about international law and order and reciprocal trade agreements. He didn't let the manifestoes deter him and the other career boys in the State Department from encouraging aggression in Spain and from recognizing Franco with indecent haste at the behest of International Telephone & Telegraph and Neville Chamberlain.

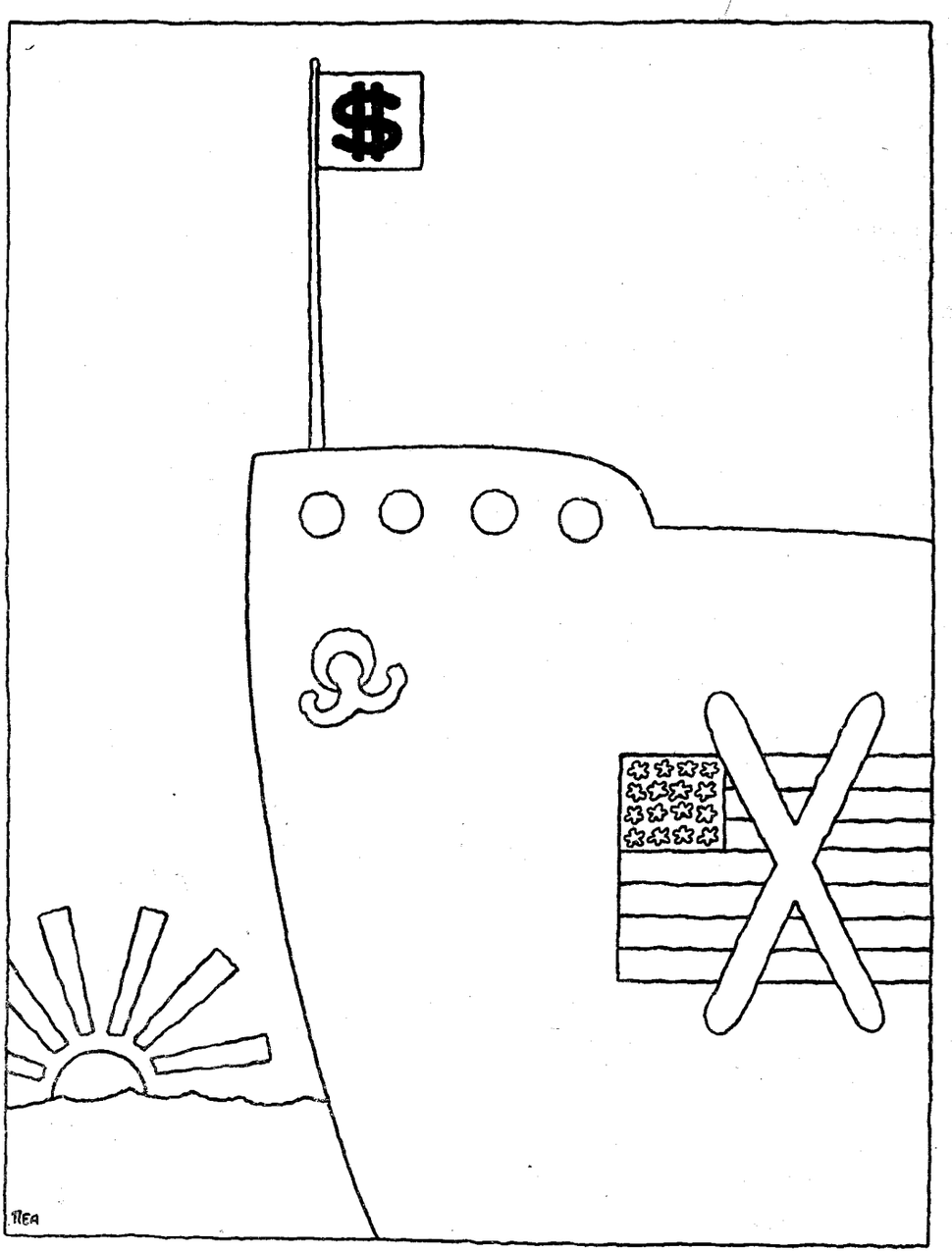
WELLES AND HULL

Welles is in a particularly fortunate position because of his experiences in Cuba before the good neighbor policy had become the vogue. He knows how to handle the small republics of the Western Hemisphere and how to replace uncooperative governments. At a time when American big business is seeking to strengthen its grip on Latin America, Welles is the man of the hour. He is reported to have made arrangements personally for the now celebrated plan to change the registry of the nine U. S. Lines boats when he attended the recent conference in Panama. Hull, on the other hand, was jolted into protest against the transfer. But it is unlikely that any permanent rift will develop. Hull was never one to lead a crusade. For the time being at least, Hull will probably recede to the background while Welles takes over increasingly active control. The quest for a profitable way out for the shippers continues. Transfer or outright sales to foreign powers have by no means been ruled out.

The determination of the shipping interests to continue business as usual during wartime constituted a formidable obstacle to real restrictions on the activities of our merchant marine. When the shippers were backed by the equally strong determination of the administration to aid the Allies, the combination became little short of unbeatable.

While the Neutrality Bill was still in the Senate, the shippers got the law amended so that they could send their vessels to the colonial possessions of the Allies. It is now well established that they were simultaneously working out ways and means of circumventing whatever restrictions did remain in the law, and that the administration was not unaware, to say the least, of what was going on. Incidentally, change of registry is not the only method available to the operators for carrying on their business. The Black Diamond Line plans to charter foreign boats. Other lines apparently are considering routes for their ships which will come dangerously close to the combat zones proclaimed by the President.

Friendship for the shippers is no new departure for the administration. The shipping lobby has maintained its grip during the New Deal as well as during the previous Republican administrations. Particularly influential is the International Mercantile Marine, parent company of the U. S. Lines. Undersecretary of the Treasury John Hanes



Gardner Rea

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is a former director of the IMM. Nor did it hurt IMM when Vincent Astor harmonized his friendship for the President with his interests in the company.

Chief lobbyist for the West Coast shippers is former Sen. William Gibbs McAdoo, an administration man who has just come out for a third term for Roosevelt. The counsel for the American Merchant Marine Institute, the employers' association on the East Coast, is John J. Burns, friend of Joe Kennedy, ambassador to the Court of St. James and erstwhile chairman of the Maritime Commission. Max O'Rell Truitt, a member of the commission, was the mastermind who helped the operators evade the provision in the Merchant Marine Act of 1936 which prevented payment of government subsidies to companies that handed out salaries in excess of $25,000. He did this little job while he was counsel for the commission.

SUBSIDIES AND GRAFT

Some of the most crooked grafts in the shipping industry, particularly those connected with mail subsidies, have been eliminated by the Roosevelt administration. But the general policy of subsidies, resulting in payments of more than $3,600,000,000 to the operators since 1917, has been continued. The administration has studiously ignored the contention of former Senator Black's investigating committee that government ownership was the only solution to the mess in the American merchant marine.

Operating subsidies to the ship companies now total $13,000,000 annually. In addition there are construction subsidies which save the operators about a third of the cost. Construction subsidies will become a very substantial item as the Maritime Commission's plan for five hundred new vessels gets into full swing. A third form of payment authorized by law is the countervailing subsidy designed to offset subsidies by foreign powers to their merchant fleets. A fourth subsidy is now being seriously considered for action at the next session of Congress, a scheme for reimbursing operators for ships laid up as a result of the war.

The government has always dealt generously with the U. S. Lines. Again and again it has bailed the company out when it was in trouble. U. S. Lines is now getting operating subsidies of about $2,000,000 a year. Besides, the construction subsidy on the giant new liner, *America,* will probably run over $5,000,000. The nine boats whose transfer was originally sanctioned by the Maritime Commission were not only recipients of operating subsidies, but were built by the government and practically given away at a fraction of the actual cost.

Although the Maritime Commission contends that these boats were free of mortgages and other obligations to the government, there is a persistent report to the effect that the Treasury does hold some of the bonds. In addition, the *Manhattan* and the *Washington,* the two boats not involved in the deal, are heavily mortgaged to the government. It is certainly worth considering whether these obligations do not extend to the whole line.

THE SEAMEN'S PLIGHT

In any event, efforts were made to turn loose these government-subsidized, government-built boats on a venture which would entail considerable risk to the peace of the United States and could benefit only the owners of U. S. Lines. American seamen would have lost their jobs, if the shift in registry had gone through.

What made the situation even more ironical was that the theoretical basis for huge subsidies to the shippers has always been that the American seamen's standard of living is much higher than that of foreign sailors. In short, the government was supposedly paying an indirect subsidy to the marine workers. Even the Maritime Commission has had to admit that things didn't work out just that way in practice.

But the commission has never done anything about its grudging admission that the lot of the American seamen is not a happy one. The CIO maritime unions have charged repeatedly that the Maritime Commission is bitterly anti-labor. The commission set an example for the industry by refusing to countenance collective bargaining on government-owned lines despite overwhelming victories in the Labor Board elections for the National Maritime Union. Another unfriendly gesture to labor has been retention on the commission payroll of two employees who have been branded by the NMU as members of a shipowner spy group.

Since the war began, the commission has been busily engaged in working out the war situation for the shippers. It lobbied for the operators during the neutrality debate in the Senate. On the one occasion it became concerned with the problems of labor, it was to bust up a union conference with the shippers on the question of war risk compensation by announcing a "settlement" which was far below union demands that were being given serious consideration by the operators. The commission granted a 25 percent increase in wages for war risk, or a little more than $15 a month. The union pointed out that during the Spanish war it managed to get seamen bonuses of $50 a month without the kind assistance of the commission.

Naturally the NMU kicked like hell when the story of the Panamanian registry plan broke. Protest meetings were held. Demands for a conference with the President were made, and ignored. Finally, the union threatened a march on Washington by the ten thousand seamen thrown out of work through the operation of the Neutrality Act. John L. Lewis had a rather frank talk with the President.

That is the background for the protection which was finally promised the unemployed seamen in the form of WPA jobs, coverage under the Social Security Act, and temporary compensation for those who choose to attend a three months' Maritime Commission training school. Important as these concessions are, the action of the administration could have been applauded more heartily if it had come sooner and if there had not been a strong suspicion that the demands of the seamen were granted in order to sugarcoat the bad taste of the Panamanian registry deal. The Maritime Commission also seems to be interpreting the agreement with the President in its own way. It is using the proposed maritime schools as a compulsory device to strengthen its hold on the seamen.

Though the transfer plan has been shelved —for the present, at least—the incident remains profoundly disturbing. The whole procedure surrounding passage of the Neutrality Bill now appears to have been utterly cynical. While administration senators were orating about the strictness of the cash-and-carry provisions, officials in the executive branch were working out methods to evade these provisions.

During the debate in the Senate, administration stalwarts like Key Pittman and Tom Connally spent a lot of time discussing our involvement in the last world war. Their first big point was that Congress in 1917 had taken the only just, practical, and wise course in declaring war as our answer to the sinking of American ships by the Germans. Their second big point was that the Neutrality Bill would prevent the recurrence of such incidents. Now that suspicion has been thrown on the real intent behind this second point, the first becomes in retrospect even more alarming.

ADAM LAPIN.

Not Socialism at All!

JUST how much "socialism" there is in the National Socialism of fascist Germany is revealed by the publication of figures which show a remarkable jump in the share of income going to the upper classes. A recent issue of the New York *Herald Tribune* reports that the upper bracket group (earning $40,000 a year) jumped its total share of the national income from $140,800,000 when Hitler came to power to four times as much, or $560,000,000, five years later.

The same source, based on newly published statistical data, shows that 55 percent of the German wage earners receives less than $12 per week. Further contrasts: 54 percent of the population receives only 23 percent of the total national income, while 1.2 percent at the top garners 14 percent of the total national income.

Fascism operates, as does capitalism everywhere, in the interests of a small group of people at the top of the heap.

And the Stuffed Shirts?

ACCORDING to the London *Evening Standard,* the war is causing a shortage of starch. Britain's launderers are searching for substitutes. One official in a men's clothing firm was heard to remark: "Soft shirts have been competing with stiff shirts for some time. It would not be surprising, if, before winter is over, the soft shirts have won."

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William Gropper

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Finland Pays Its Debt

In return for smashing the finest working class organization in the world, Finland's rulers were paid well. That was 1918-19. Are they looking for more business?

Ask the "man in the street" what he knows about Finland and he will probably reply that it is that honest little Baltic state which is paying its war debt to Uncle Sam. This may seem like a hazy notion of Finnish geography and history but on closer examination it is not such a bad clue to the current Soviet-Finnish crisis. It is only necessary to check up on the time this loan was made and the collateral on which it was advanced, and this hazy notion becomes a searchlight which illumines the whole Gulf of Finland which "Red imperialism" is seeking to dominate.

The first thing the "man in the street" will learn is that the Finnish war debt is not really a war debt at all—if by "war" one means that little imperialist fracas which ended on Nov. 11, 1918. The Finnish war debt, like the Polish, Latvian, Estonian, Lithuanian, Rumanian, Hungarian "war debts," was not incurred in the "war to make the world safe for democracy." It was incurred *after* that war in another war—one in which Britain, France (and the United States) were engaged for several years following Nov. 11, 1918: the "war to make the world safe against socialism." Even "enemy" states such as Hungary, provided they were willing to do their bit in that war, were eligible for those loans. It was a sort of bounty which the United States and British treasuries paid, so much per head, for the slaughter of the revolutionary workers of Finland, Poland, Latvia, Estonia, Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria, and other little countries that were in danger of being overrun by the postwar Bolshevik pest, and above all for helping Anglo-French-American capitalism in its interventionary efforts to stamp out that pest in its breeding-ground, the Soviet Union.

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

After a few perfunctory efforts to meet the installments on these "war debts" most of those little countries decided that, after all, the money was given for services rendered and they saw no reason why they should be obliged to repay it. Honest little Finland, however, figured that meeting the very nominal installments on its "war debt" was good business in view of the improved American credit that would accrue. Business is business. But if any country was entitled to pocket the money which the United States and Britain handed out so generously during the war against socialism, it was Finland. For Finland, modest little Finland, distinguished itself in that war with a contribution that more than cancels the paltry few million dollars and pounds it received from the United States and British treasuries. In 1918 the Finnish bourgeoisie presented international capitalism with fascism—that bastard son of so-called democratic capitalism which capitalism disowns but finds such an indispensable servant. Long before the German, Italian, and Spanish bourgeoisies spawned Hitler, Mussolini, and Franco, and by a full year before its younger brother was born in the Hungarian White Terror, Finnish fascism, which was to become the model for all others, was born in a White Terror which has never been surpassed by any of its bloodiest imitators.

THE FINNISH WORKERS

The seniority of Finnish fascism was no historical accident. Perhaps the fact that the Finnish Social Democrats were the first Socialist Party in the world to obtain a majority in a bourgeois parliament had something to do with it. It has always been contended by Communists that whenever the capitalist class loses the support of the masses it drops all democratic pretenses and puts on the brass knuckles of fascism.

On the eve of the Russian Revolution the Finnish Social Democratic Party (overwhelmingly Bolshevist) was the best organized revolutionary Socialist Party in the world—not excepting the Russian Bolshevik Party. Lenin himself paid tribute to the organizational genius of the Finnish workers. In *Letters from Afar,* he says, "The Finnish workers are better organizers; they will help us in this and in their own way bring nearer the establishment of a socialist republic." Lenin had no doubts about the sympathies of the Finnish workers. "We stand for giving the Finns complete independence," he said in his speech on the national question. "That will ensure their confidence in Russian democracy, and when they are given the right to secede they will not do so."

That Lenin knew whereof he spoke is attested by a chapter of Finnish history which is not without relevance today. Lest I be accused of Communist bias, I quote from the *Encyclopedia Britannica:*

> The Diet resolved that it alone was competent to pass laws in Finland relating to home affairs and finance. This law of July 18, 1917, reflected the standpoint of the Social Democrat majority which was ready to recognize Russian supremacy in military and foreign affairs. The advent of the Bolsheviks to power deepened the pro-Russian sympathies of the Finnish Social Democrats while the Swedo-Finnish and Finnish propertied classes sought to cut adrift from Russia. On Dec. 6, 1917, the Diet and the now bourgeois Senate drew up a Declaration of Independence which is held to mark the birth of Finnish freedom. The Bolsheviks, on Jan. 4, 1918, declared that this step conformed to their policy. . . . The Finnish Social Democrats pinned their faith on their Muscovite connection. . . . A hurriedly organized White Army under General Mannerheim proved insufficient to maintain order. Sweden refused to help but Germany did not hesitate. It sent a division initially twelve thousand strong under General Rudiger. . . . By June 27, 1918, 73,915 Red rebels including 4,600 women were prisoners of war. But the cruelty of the Red insurrection led to a White counter-terror. Some fifteen thousand men, women, and children were slaughtered.

The Finnish fascists, however, were not satisfied with the blood of their own workers. When Anglo-French imperialism crushed its German rival and proceeded to concentrate on the more serious threat to its profits represented by the young Soviet Republic, the Finnish fascists hurried to offer their expert services to the interventionists. Our trusty *Britannica* says:

> When, at the end of May 1919, a British expeditionary force under General Maynard reached Lake Onega, General Mannerheim offered cooperation in return for Petrazavodsk (Soviet Karelia). The offer being declined, a Finnish volunteer force assaulted the town nevertheless, but without success. Again, at the close of the year, when General Yudenich marched on Petrograd, General Mannerheim sounded out the Allies on Finnish intervention.

Here our *Britannica* is a little askew. The British (and American) interventionists had no qualms about accepting the aid of the Finnish fascists. They were in fact paying good money for it in the form of "war loans." It was the Finnish fascists who were beginning to get queasy on the subject and hardly out of love for the Soviets. What worried them was the suspicion that if Britain succeeded in restoring the old regime in Russia it would probably return to a reactionary Russia the Baltic states that had been torn away from a revolutionary Russia.

Lenin, like his disciple Stalin, was not at all averse to signing treaties with fascist states provided socialism gained by the transaction. He cleverly played on the suspicion between the White Guard Finns and the White Guard Russians and broke the anti-Soviet front by inducing Finland to sign a treaty of peace with the Soviets in 1920. But the Finnish fascists, utilizing the Soviet Union's desperate need for peace, compelled Russia to cede to Finland the Pechango province containing Russia's only icefree port on the Arctic. This province, which was never part of Finland as any pre-war map of the Grand Duchy of Finland shows, gave that country an outlet on the Arctic. The Finnish government is clamoring that the cession of a few square miles of territory on the Karelian Isthmus and the Hangoe Peninsula would violate its integrity but it is silent about the fact that its sacred territory includes a whole

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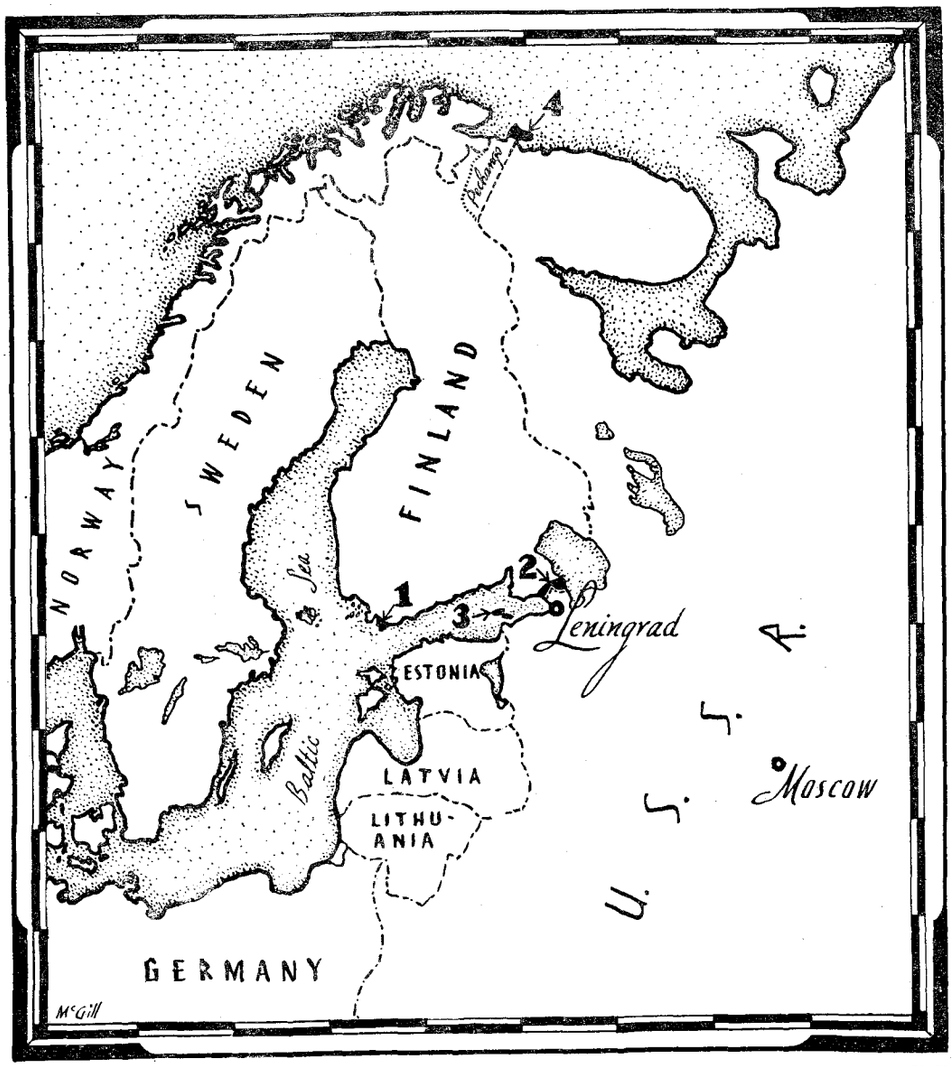

McGill

WHAT THE SOVIET UNION ASKED FOR. *According to the "Red Fleet," Soviet Navy organ, the following proposals were made to Finland: (1) Permission for a naval base on Hangoe Peninsula, which, in conjunction with the recently acquired Soviet base on Dagoe Island off the Estonian shore, would effectively quarantine the Gulf of Finland against an enemy fleet; (2) Move the present Soviet-Finnish border on the Karelian Isthmus (which is now only twenty miles from Leningrad) to a line ten miles to the north in order to remove Leningrad from the range of artillery fire; (3) The cession of several islands in the Gulf of Finland dominating Leningrad from the sea; (4) Revision of the northern Soviet-Finnish border in the Arctic: ceding to the Soviet the Rybachi Peninsula which dominates the Soviet port of Murmansk. The whole province of Pechango (Petsamoe) of which Rybachi Peninsula was a part is an admittedly Russian province. In return for the few hundred square miles involved, the Soviet Union is offering twice that area in Soviet Karelia.*

admittedly Russian province which Russia ceded, under duress, by the treaty of Dorpat.

INVASION OF KARELIA

The treaty of Dorpat by which Finland gained the province of Pechango only whetted the appetite of the Finnish fascists. The following year Finnish "volunteers," initiating the technique which Mussolini and Hitler were to imitate in Spain, invaded Soviet Karelia. The attempted putsch failed and the "volunteers" were driven back to Finland. But the Finnish fascists were not easily discouraged. "Little" Finland nursed the same kind of grandiose designs on northern Russia that Poland cherished on southern Russia. The Polish dream was of a "Greater Poland" that stretched across the Ukraine to the Black Sea. The Finnish dream was of a "Greater Finland" embracing Soviet Karelia and the whole Soviet North as far as the Urals and "Estonia, including Leningrad," as Finnish government circles openly boasted. Needless to say, neither Finland nor Poland counted on their own unaided efforts to realize these dreams.

Until Nazi Germany took their place, Finland, Poland, and Rumania were regarded as the spearheads of the contemplated Anglo-French attack on the Soviet Union that was to have been launched in 1930. It was in preparation for this attack, delayed by the world depression and the growing strength of the USSR, that the First Five-Year Plan was rushed to completion. With the emergence of Nazi Germany, the participation of Poland and Rumania in this scheme became less certain—but never that of Finland even though Finland had gone through the formality of becoming a "democracy." The Finnish democracy, including a Social Democratic Party that would have made the butchered Finnish comrades of Lenin squirm in their graves, turned to Nazi Germany like a flower to the sun and never wavered in its loyalty until the rude shock of the Soviet-German Non-Aggression Pact.

THE ROMINTER CONFERENCE

In 1935 there was a meeting at Rominter, East Prussia, to discuss plans for an attack on the Soviet Union. Goering represented Germany, General Mannerheim represented Finland, Prince Radziwill represented Poland, and Premier Goemboes represented Hungary. The London *Times* (Oct. 15, 1935) said of the meeting that not only air armaments had been discussed but that naval and military ideas had been exchanged, and "Finland (whose strategical position for naval operations is talked of) and even Rumania have been drawn in. Even Japan is suspected of figuring in these dreams of the future."

To this day, despite the Soviet-German Non-Aggression Pact, "democratic" Finland looks to her Nazi St. George to deliver her from the Bolshevik dragon. The spectacle of little Finland mobilizing to defy the vast Soviet Union may look like a brave gesture to romantic newspaper readers. But the bravery of General Mannerheim in 1939, like the bravery of General Mannerheim in 1918 when he massacred the wives and children of thousands of Finnish workers, is based on the possibility of German intervention. This is not to minimize Britain's dominant role in fomenting Finnish resistance to the Soviet Union's demand that the Gulf of Finland be effectually quarantined against war. But it is obvious that Britain is in no geographic position to come to the aid of Finland as long as it is at war with Germany—for the simple reason that Germany commands Britain's main sea routes to Finland. Only Germany or an Anglo-German bloc can come to the aid of Finland.

Until the unwaged war on the Western Front breaks the diplomatic leash which keeps it in check on both sides, Finnish fascist circles, like certain circles right here in America, refuse to give up the hope of an Anglo-Nazi reconciliation at the expense of the Soviet Union. Should serious hostilities develop on the Western Front, it will be seen how quickly the brave Finnish fascists will come to terms with the Soviet Union. Perhaps this is what Paasikivi, the Finnish delegate, had in mind when he said after the breakdown of the current Soviet Finnish negotiations that "circumstances" would determine which of the two countries will make the

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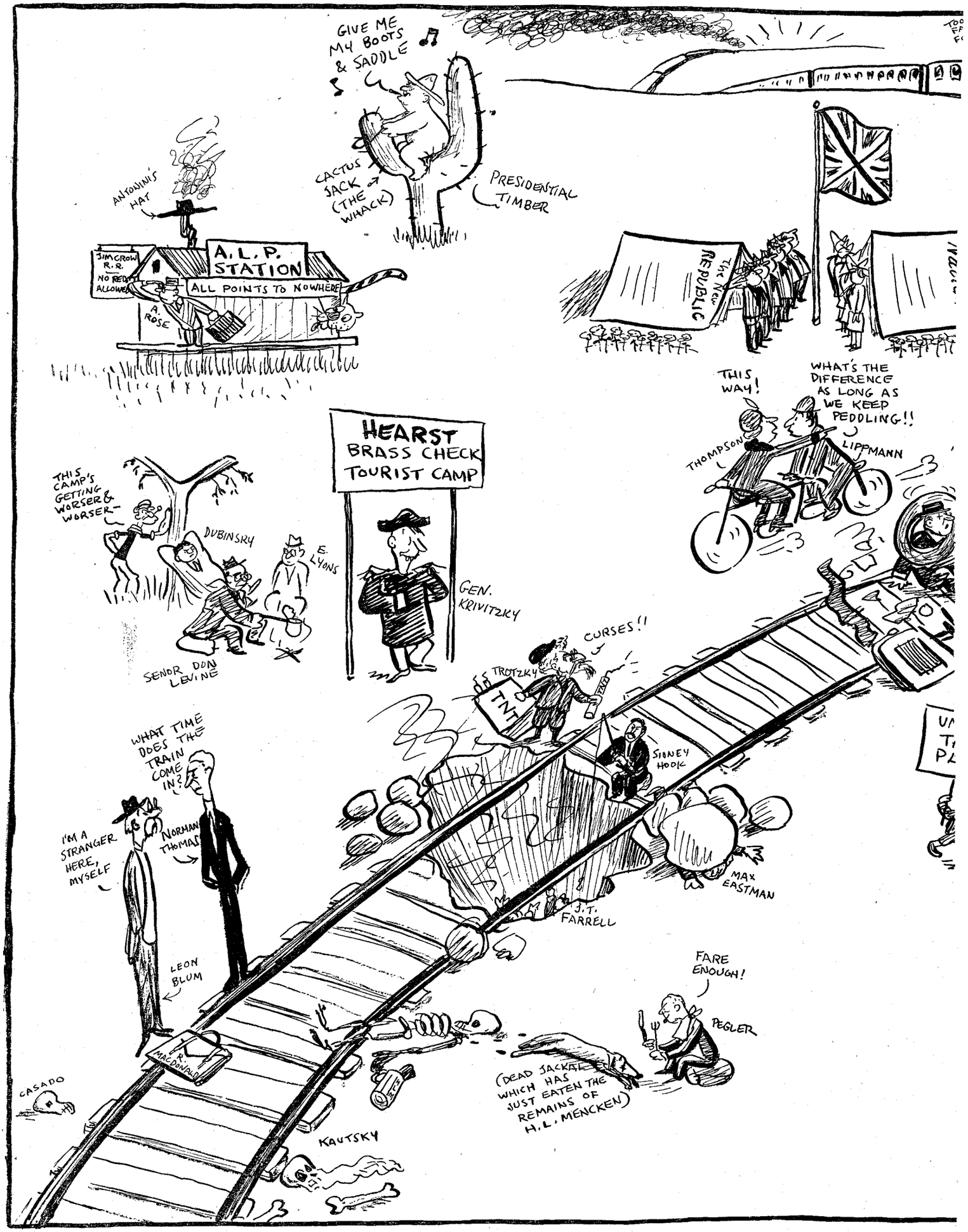

"When the locomotive of histc

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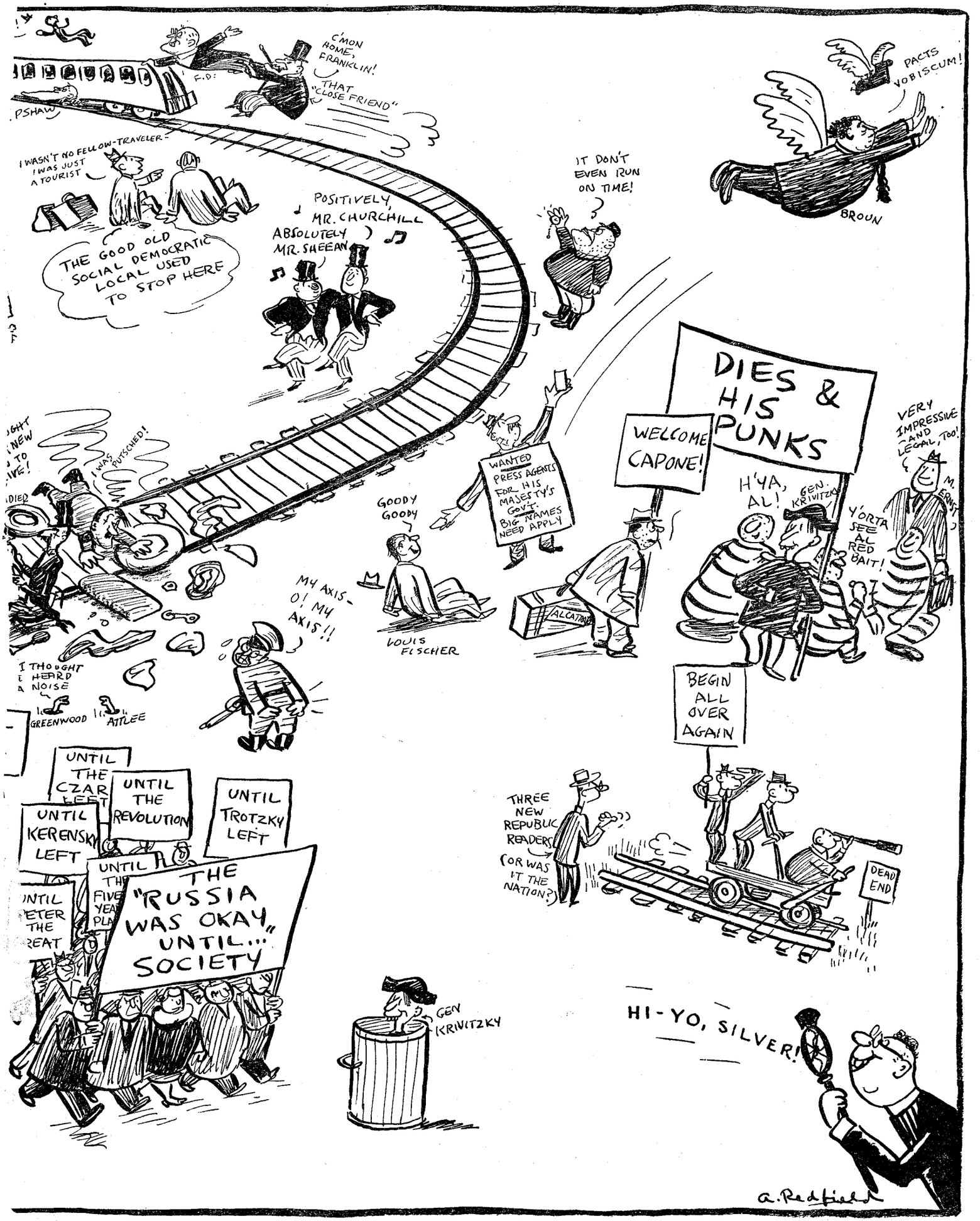

a sharp turn . . ."—V. I. LENIN

A. Redfield

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first move for reopening the negotiations.

Regardless of what happens on the Western Front, the Soviet Union will find ways of its own for making the Finnish anti-Soviet regime innocuous. The American press, which has no difficulty in considering Cuba independent despite our naval base at Guantanamo Bay—and has never suggested that we turn over our fortifications at the Panama Canal to the Panamanian army to ensure that country's independence—has started a hue and cry over the "threat" to Finland's independence of a Soviet naval base at Hangoe Bay. In this our native walruses are merely aping the British walrus which is weeping over the wrongs of twenty million Poles while it is sitting on 350,000,000 Hindus. But many sincere progressives make the mistake of simplifying international relations to boyish squabbles in which big boys shouldn't fight with little ones. Such people might do well to bethink themselves of the role of "little Portugal" in the Spanish tragedy. It was "little Portugal" which made it possible for Franco to win his first and perhaps decisive victory —the capture of the Badajoz rail center. That victory, and the infamous massacre of the Badajoz bullring with which the fascists celebrated it, was made possible by "little Portugal," the main fascist base at the time, whose railroad system served as a convenient line of communication between the northern and southern fascist armies until they united at Badajoz.

THE WORKERS REMEMBER

The massacre of the Badajoz bullring is still recent enough to be remembered by some people. But the massacre of tens of thousands of Finnish Social Democrats by the Finnish fascists, though less recent, is still remembered by the workers of Leningrad—though the leaders of the present Finnish Social Democratic Party have become the diplomatic errand boys of General Mannerheim. Some twenty years ago Lenin wrote: "The Finnish bourgeoisie, which has strangled thousands of Finnish workers during the White Terror, knows that it will never be forgiven for having done so, when it is no longer backed by the German bayonets which enabled it to do so. . . ." Lenin's words have an ominously prophetic ring today. Finland is paying its "war debt" but there is one "war debt" the Finnish bourgeoisie has not yet paid —the debt for the slaughtered Finnish workers that Lenin chalked up. The Finnish fascists themselves are unwittingly hastening this long-due accounting. They have mobilized the Finnish people against the Soviet Union by a campaign of lying propaganda but already the effects of this campaign are beginning to wear off. The Finnish people are getting restive. Dispatches from Helsinki tell of employers refusing to pay the wages of the mobilized workers and of landlords evicting their families for non-payment of rent. When the Finnish workers and peasants learn who their real enemies are, the Finnish government may wish it could call off the general mobilization.

ALTER BRODY.

Mischa Richter

"If only Vincent Sheean could persuade the Czechs that Communism and fascism are the same thing."

Dies in Mexico

Civil liberties are threatened by some new Nazi-fascist alliances.

Mexico City.

AN EXTENSION of Martin Dies' attack upon all civil liberties under pretext of an assault on the Communist Party has been forecast in Mexico by Ramon Iturbe, leader of the so-called Mexican Constitutional Democratic Front. A demand that the CP of Mexico be outlawed was recently made to the Mexican Congress by Iturbe, Gen. Emilio N. Acosta, and Deputy Miguel Flores Vilar. Asked what progress was being made on this demand, Iturbe stated he had received indications that Dies is planning to sponsor a Pan-American League of Anti-Communist Democracies.

Whether this was mere wishful thinking or an indication of a really sinister intention is not yet certain. The really important thing is to ask whether the "patriotic" Dies knows with whom he is dealing.

Ramon Iturbe, whose Constitutional Democratic Front is of course neither constitutional nor democratic, returned to the Mexican political scene as the liaison man between the Gold Shirts of Nicolas Rodriguez, then exiled in the United States, and his conspiratorial followers in Mexico City. The Gold Shirts were sponsored by Hermann Schwinn, from the Nazi Brown House in Los Angeles. The conspirators in Mexico City were at that time mostly grouped in the so-called Federation of the Middle Class, an organization that repeatedly offered its services and good wishes

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to the German and Japanese ministers, and to General Franco.

There is every evidence that the Gold Shirts are still closely linked with the Nazi network, and Ramon Iturbe linked to them. A sinister move was the immediate revival of the Gold Shirts' Revolutionary Mexican Action Party upon the outbreak of war. Nominally illegal, they have apparently taken advantage of President Cardenas' political amnesty to resume their terrorist activities against his government. They are now closely linked with the big business Revolutionary Anti-Communist Party and the violently anti-Semitic Nationalist Vanguard, which provedly is sponsored by the German Legation.

There is some danger that this unholy alliance may receive the support of the AFL's moribund Latin American Workers Federation (not to be confused with the Federation of Latin American Labor, headed by Vicente Lombardo Toledano, secretary of the Mexican Workers Federation). Luis N. Morones, the man who openly sold the old Mexican labor movement, the CROM, down the river, amassing a huge personal fortune, recently discussed this with William Green in Cincinnati. An alliance of Martin Dies and William Green indirectly sponsored by the Nazi "torpedo" and "termite" organizations through Latin America would be an extremely serious threat.

First move in this coming struggle was the declaration by the Gold Shirts that they would set up an armed "counter-cheka" after Lombardo Toledano advised the CTM to exercise the closest vigilance on all fascist propaganda and sabotage activities. The Gold Shirts are to act as "torpedoes," in the phraseology of the Nazi Foreign Service, while the organized pro-fascist parties such as the Revolutionary Anti-Communist Party act as "termites," sapping confidence in Cardenas' democratic government and agitating against the continuance of his policies by the presidential candidate Gen. Manuel Avila Camacho.

Completing the unholy alliance, the ex-Trotskyist Diego Rivera is now definitely pledged to the candidacy of Gen. Juan Andreu Almazan, who in effect advocates a "milder" form of fascism by fully exploiting the bogus "anti-totalitarian" line and the "basic similarity of fascism and Communism." Happily, the organized Mexican workers have not been so ready to fall into this absurdity as are some American liberals.

While the local forces of reaction have not yet made great headway, although spending fantastic slush funds, they will be enormously strengthened if assistance, material or moral, arrives from over the border. They are not pro-German, but they most definitely are pro-fascist, pro-Hitler, and pro-Daladier. The attack on the Communist Party is quite openly advocated as a mere preliminary to a large-scale attack on the entire Latin American labor movement. Mexico today acts as a guide to nearly all Latin American countries, as was proved by the acceptance of all its proposals at the Panama Congress.

MARC FRANK.

Maginot vs. Westwall

Major Allen Johnson analyzes the relative strength of the two defenses. The armor-bearing doughboys.

IT HAS been the opinion of this commentator that the areas occupied by the French forces on the Western Front were untenable in the face of determined counter-attacks by the Germans. During the occupation of strips of land in the Saar, between the Maginot and Westwall defenses, the French moved forward with the greatest caution in face of innumerable obstacles prepared by the Nazis as the latter retreated. Nevertheless the physical geography of the terrain here favored the Germans. In two swift actions within forty-eight hours they recovered the ground held by the French.

To understand these developments it is well to recall that the Maginot Line is very different in strategic concept from the *defensive zone* generally called the Westwall. Since the World War French strategy has based itself upon Marshal Foch's dictum that French action on the Western Front should be primarily defensive in character. While emphasizing that this strategy did not imply the absolute surrender of initiative, it continued to place such importance upon steel and concrete that a whole generation of French officers grew up with a background of defense. When translated into military action, this concept causes an abandonment of military elan and tends to develop in the direction of "passive" defense. This explains the great dependence upon the Maginot Line by the French General Staff. It provides an additional reason for the extreme caution displayed in recent actions (bearing in mind the political factors behind such caution, as the absence of a will to fight the Nazis).

The character of the original French operations was determined by the manner in which the Maginot Line was constructed. This line was conceived as an enlarged Verdun several hundred miles long. In the original conception its construction *in depth* was waived to provide for a mighty defense *in line*. As a result, when action commenced on the Western Front, the French found that their positions in the Maginot Line had few outpost buffers to take up the initial shock. Further, it was not well enough organized to permit observation of the enemy positions. To rectify these two weaknesses, the French Army decided to push forward into German territory, creating the necessary outposts and obtaining observation posts overlooking the enemy dispositions. This was possible while the major German forces were engaged in Poland; but the moment that the Nazis could concentrate upon the Western Front the French would be hurriedly ousted from their positions in German territory. That is what happened.

But the interesting thing is not that the French were ousted by the Germans but the method used to accomplish this. First of all little more than one army corps was utilized, somewhere between 75,000 and ninety thousand men in six divisions. One division made an attack in the north along the Moselle sector; later five divisions attacked in the sector on the elbow of the Western Front near Saarbruecken. During the World War such an action would have called for the use of probably five to ten times the number of troops. That such an action was successfully carried out by such limited forces is important. French estimates of German casualties in this action would indicate about 20 percent losses, which are very small in the light of modern firepower.

SOLDIERS IN ARMOR

This leads to the second interesting item: the Germans used steel caskets and body armor. It has been known for some time that steel could be made almost bullet proof in thicknesses up to one-eighth inch. But the factor of weight has militated against its common use. The German armor is said to have weighed about thirty pounds per soldier. The small casualties for such an action indicate that the armor has a good resistance to fire and this is extremely important. New trials will be made with alloys (now in the process of test and development in the United States) to increase resistance to bullet penetration and to reduce weight. Soldiers may once again go into battle wearing armor on a mass scale.

It is too soon to predict mass attacks by the Germans upon the Maginot Line in consequence of their successes against the outpost lines of French resistance. Nor would it be wise to count upon a mass attack against the Maginot Line itself within the immediate future. The main point to remember is that at present the Germans, at sea, in the air, and on land, retain the initiative. This means that they will in all probability take the offensive; but where they will lay their concentrations is impossible to predict without more data. The nearest possible answer is that the German action will begin, if at all, on a very wide scale along a great section of the Western Front and will feel forward for "soft" spots much as the French did in the initial stages of the fighting. If they find such "soft" spots they will concentrate their motorized units against these points, trying to break through in the form of a raging torrent, widening the gap as they go. Whether or not such weak spots exist nobody can tell. One thing is certain: whereas the zone defense on the Westwall creates an elastic defense, the Maginot Line is much more inelastic. If that line is broken, the fighting will take on the form of a war of movement.

MAJOR ALLEN JOHNSON.

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Washington Trends

WAR may produce profits, but not plenty. A rising stock exchange does not necessarily mean a rising standard of living. The men of Wall Street have won the first round in the fight to scuttle all that the New Deal stood for in the past. But after unneutral neutrality revision, what? The home front remains, and here too the war clouds are gathering. The first hit has been scored against civil liberties. The Department of Justice and that obscure "close friend" of the President are already flattering the Dies committee with imitation. The Communists are to be the first victims, but not the last. Liberals are worried —and not alone about civil liberties. What will happen to the social advances of recent years? If the war party is given a free hand, can democracy survive?

These questions would have seemed academic three months ago, but today they are uncomfortably pertinent. And with reason. Ludwell Denny writes from Washington in the Scripps-Howard press:

> Mr. Roosevelt is in a much less decisive mood than usual on domestic policies. . . . On foreign and defense policies the President is fearlessly clear and rolls his own. . . . He intends to help the Allies without involving the United States in war and to build the largest regular military establishment in our history. But that program plays havoc with the budget and with New Deal social reform. Mr. Roosevelt will have to remake much of his domestic program. He does not know what to do about taxes, prices, farm subsidies, relief and social service appropriations. His conservative spokesman, Senator Byrnes, has released a trial balloon for cutting other expenditures to help the army and navy.

And Jack Beall writes in the New York *Herald Tribune:*

> The administration's paramount interest—to keep the wheels moving so as to implement the Allies —is expected to overwhelm completely all other considerations. . . . the President is expected to find himself tending more and more toward conservatism and away from the group of liberal intellectuals who have had a large part, heretofore, in mapping his course. . . . On the domestic front the administration is expected to stress national defense, cut down relief expenditures, put the soft pedal on the tactics of the Labor Relations Board, adopt a compromising attitude toward the administration of the wage-hour act, and encourage further business recovery . . .

All this may have a strong element of wishful thinking, yet here again the fact that such a sharp change in course can be considered a serious possibility today shows how radically international events are altering the domestic situation. True, there have been hints that the administration might sponsor further expansion of the Social Security Act in the next Congress and Marriner S. Eccles, chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, in a recent speech urged continued government spending for social purposes. But Mr. Eccles' tax proposals to finance these expenditures have already been repudiated by Undersecretary of the Treasury John W. Hanes, a Wall Street man. The social expenditures themselves, of course, don't have to be formally repudiated. They just won't be made if everything is to go into the army and navy and winning the war for the Allies.

In his message to the opening of the last regular session of Congress on January 5 President Roosevelt said: "Our nation's program of social and economic reform is therefore a part of defense as basic as armaments themselves." In his famous Madison Square Garden speech at the end of the 1936 election campaign the President declared:

> Today there is war and rumor of war. We want none of it. But while we guard our shores against threats of war, we will continue to remove the causes of unrest and antagonism at home which might make our people easier victims of those for whom foreign war is profitable. Those who stand to profit by war are not on our side of this campaign.

Are these words already being forgotten in Washington?

Whose ALP?

ONE might say it's Alex Rose's and Luigi Antonini's funeral and let it go at that. But after all, the American Labor Party is not the property of these people, though they act as if it were. The ALP was built by the rank and file of the trade unions and of middle class people as an instrument of progressive political action. And these average public-spirited New Yorkers can get little comfort from the showing made by the Labor Party in the recent elections, thanks to the reactionary wrecking of the gentlemen at the helm. In 1937 the ALP elected five members of the City Council and became the backbone of the alliance between the labor and good government forces that swept the LaGuardia administration into office. With two years in which to extend its influence, the ALP in 1939 was able to elect only two councilmen (one of them just barely got in) and lost ground in the voting for county offices. The drop in the Labor Party's citywide vote from 1937 to 1939 was more than 50 percent.

The ALP losses were, in fact, the heaviest in the anti-Tammany bloc. Fusion retained the two places it held in the outgoing Council (Charles Belous, elected in 1937 as a Fusionist, joined the ALP and was defeated for reelection) and the Republicans dropped from three to two. This is no loss for the progressives since it rid the Council of its outstanding reactionary, Abner Surpless.

The sharp decline in the ALP vote can be explained only as a consequence of the action of its leadership in foisting on the members a warmongering, Red-baiting resolution and initiating a purge of the most constructive elements in the organization. The Rose-Antonini clique was more concerned with defeating Councilman Michael Quill in the Bronx because he refused to accept their Chamberlain line than with electing candidates. In this they succeeded. Quill's achievement in getting 53,000 votes and coming in just behind the lowest winning candidate was, however, a rebuke to these sowers of disunity. Another rebuke was the defeat in Brooklyn of Councilman Andrew Armstrong, leader of the ALP in the last Council, and of Langdon Post in Manhattan, one of the leading anti-Red crusaders.

The election results offer no evidence that the people of New York are turning their backs on progressivism. The showing of the two Fusion candidates, Robert K. Straus in Manhattan and Mrs. Genevieve Earle in Brooklyn, both of whom refrained from Red-baiting, is proof of this. Not only were they reelected, but they came in first and second respectively in their boroughs. Further evidence of the temper of the voters was the Communist vote. Ruled off the ballot before the election, the Communist write-in vote surprised observers, totaling nearly fifty thousand throughout the city. Especially significant was the run made by Peter V. Cacchione in Brooklyn, who two years ago came within a couple of hundred votes of election. In 1937, when he was on the ballot, he received 30,237 first-choice votes. This year, off the ballot, with a much lighter total vote than in 1937 and with many of his votes discarded because of misspellings of his name, Cacchione received 24,132 first-choice votes—more than Armstrong, ALP leader. It was on second and third choices that Cacchione lost out heavily as compared with 1937, because of the absence of his name on the ballot. Had he not been ruled off, there seems to be no doubt that he would have been elected.

Dirty Work in Detroit

COUGHLIN'S name was mud at the great assemblage of 100,000 Detroiters in Cadillac Square the other day. They marched in support of the 55,000 Chrysler workingmen now locked out for urging union conditions. Coughlin, slipping off into his sideline of union-busting, had called for a "back to work" meeting. He lined up with the discredited Homer Martin and those gold-dust twins of fascism, Gerald L. K. Smith and Frank Norris, in an attempt to demoralize the Chrysler men. The workers have been standing pat despite a concerted propaganda campaign in the three commercial Detroit newspapers, behind which the fine hand of Wall Street could be seen. R. J. Thomas, union president, made that clear at the giant assemblage. He pointed

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out that the Chrysler Corp. was resorting to the notorious Mohawk Valley strikebreaking plan to break the workingmen's resistance.

The men are holding tight. Mr. Thomas announced that not even eight hundred of the 55,000 Chrysler men responded to Homer Martin's back-to-work call. Only two hundred of the eleven thousand Plymouth workers went into the plant (many of them were sent among the workers by the CIO to observe). They were later sent home by the company when their plan didn't work.

Significant of popular pressure was the action of the Hamtramck City Council which petitioned Governor Dickinson to pay unemployment compensation benefits to the Chrysler workers. Bucking Coughlin is the *Michigan Catholic,* official organ for the Detroit Diocese.

The merits of the case rest so obviously with the locked-out workingmen that only out-and-out stooges for the motor corporation dare decry the justice of their courageous stand for decent living conditions.

Liberte, Egalite, Etcetera

REPUBLICAN France found it imperative to suppress the French Communist Party before tilting the lance against fascism across the Rhine. But evidence is beginning to accumulate that suppression of the Communists merely prefaced a more general assault upon the social advance of the French working people during the Front Populaire days. Next week marks the anniversary of the great general strike last November which dramatized how far down the road from democracy the French government had moved after the capitulation to Hitler the month before. This week's dispatches reveal how general the eradication of democracy has become under the cover of the imperialist war. P. J. Philip, who never gives the French censor cause for concern, nevertheless reveals in the New York *Times* for November 16 that:

> . . . one measure of precaution has been taken in the removal of committees of workers' delegates which have been operating in each big plant for some years past. The government in its decree insists that it has no intention of suppressing these workers' delegates but that, owing to the fact that many of them were Communists, and that the Communist Party has been dissolved, it is impossible for those who have held these positions to continue to represent their fellows. Neither, it is argued, are new elections possible just now, so delegates will be appointed by the trade unions.

Since the rightwing officials of the trade unions, particularly the Socialists, are supporting the war, Philip's disclosures are a measure of how closely Social Democracy is tied to the war chariot as well as how far the destruction of working class rights has proceeded.

New decrees published this week fix the hours of work and wages in such a way as to confirm "the existing rights of the workers except their right to leave their employment and take up another job," says the *Times* correspondent in words that might have been quoted from Berlin a few months ago. "Wages are set by the government in national enterprises, and it is expected that the fixing of salaries will tend to fix prices. In private enterprises there is more liberty for discussion of wage rates but any modification of wages must have the approval of the minister of labor." The jokers in this passage just cry aloud: in England the gag is that wages are going to be adjusted to prices; in France the fixing of salaries *will tend to fix prices!* Apparently here is one phase of divergence between the Allies in the conduct of the war: actually, deception no longer operates as successfully in France as it does across the channel.

But there is also evidence that the French people are hitting back. Reports come that Daladier is being hissed in the cinemas; an illegal edition of *Humanite* (which had 400,000 readers before its suppression) has just been seized after it had been circulating secretly for several weeks. More arrests have taken place, this time of two Communist members of the Paris Municipal Council. The property of 149 workers' organizations has been seized, among them one hundred sports clubs, children's vacation clubs, schools, and trade union centers.

A Witness for Dies

THE release of Al Capone offers a golden opportunity for the Dies committee. Certainly his record and intellectual attainments compare favorably with those of William C. McCuistion, Ben Gitlow, Edward Sullivan, and other distinguished personalities who have flickered across the committee's hearings. It is not so many years since the sage of Alcatraz showed the stuff he is made of when he declared:

> Bolshevism is knocking at our gates. We can't afford to let it in. We have got to organize ourselves against it, and put our shoulders together and hold fast. We must keep America whole and safe and unspoiled. We must keep the worker away from Red literature and Red ruses. We must see that his mind remains healthy.

Justice Pierce Butler

PIERCE BUTLER of South Carolina was one of the signers of the Constitution and was elected to the first United States Senate. Of him Dr. Charles A. Beard wrote in the *Economic Origins of Jeffersonian Democracy:* "Butler was stanch in his defense of slavery and he thought the United States Senate should be frankly based upon property interests." Change "slavery" to "wage slavery" and "Senate" to "Supreme Court" and the characterization holds for his namesake, Justice Pierce Butler, who has just died. His death removes the last but one of the rock-ribbed tories who have sought to erect the Supreme Court into an unrestricted dictatorship that would make America safe for plutocracy.

Justice Butler successfully lived down his humble origins and carved out a lucrative career as a lawyer for some of the more notorious robber barons, the railroad magnates of the Northwest. His work on the bench fulfilled the worst fears of the Senate liberals who had opposed his confirmation. He was consistently on the side of arch-reaction, reading his own economic predilections into the Constitution and mangling it to suit the needs of big business.

Justice Butler's record on civil liberties was particularly foul. He wrote the dissent in the Scottsboro case in 1932 and concurred in the dissent in the Herndon case in 1937, each time upholding the lynch justice of the Southern ruling class. He wrote the decision denying citizenship to Rosika Schwimmer, Hungarian pacifist, for refusing to bear arms. He wrote the dissenting opinion in the Frank Hague case early this year, defending the Jersey City Hitler's suppression of constitutional rights.

The death of Butler gives President Roosevelt his fifth appointment to the Supreme Court. Let it not be forgotten that two of these were due to the retirement of Justices Sutherland and Van Devanter as a result of the fight which the President waged to liberalize the court. Just how liberal the court will be in the future in view of the reactionary winds now blowing from the administration itself remains to be seen. Attorney General Murphy has been mentioned as a possible successor to Butler. Three months ago he would have seemed an excellent choice. More recently he has been occupied with Hooverizing (J. Edgar) the Department of Justice and putting the screws on the Communist Party. But the Supreme Court needs men who will stand up for civil liberties even when the weather is not fair.

Gaps in Neutrality

FLAG-SWAPPING by the shipping companies appears to be only the beginning of an assault on the new Neutrality Act. Making public its instructions in connection with the cash-and-carry provisions of the act, the State Department pointed a finger at several possible openings for its violation.

For example, credits are forbidden to the governments of belligerents nations; but they are specifically allowed to private firms and corporations provided these do not represent their governments. Just how will this be enforced? How does the State Department intend to prevent warring governments from utilizing materials purchased on credit by private agencies? Again, the barrier against credits to governments applies only to arms and munitions. But under the conditions of totalitarian warfare which the Allies have adopted, how can Americans determine whether credits for oil, chemicals, minerals, and foodstuffs are not equally as dangerous a commitment in the European war as was the wholesale financing of 1915-16? The fact is that British nationals are already selling their securities at the rate of $1,000,000 a day in the American market according to the *Wall Street Journal* for November 18, apparently under the supervision of their government. This is clearly

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a prelude to the general mobilization of Allied gold and security resources, an effective storehouse of American financial support.

Equally evasive are the State Department's instructions permitting purchases of arms and munitions by neutrals provided they do not act for belligerents. But again, how shall leakage through neutrals be prevented? What controls does the State Department envisage to prevent such indirect violation of the spirit of the neutrality provisions?

Most alarming is the leniency, if not collusion, of the administration: having fathered the law on the pledge of safeguarding our neutrality, the State Department openly invites its mutilation.

Thanksgiving, 1939

HOSPITALITY has always been a trait of native Americans. This hospitality, particularly towards foreigners, has been an integral part of our history. For instance, Thanksgiving Day which we celebrate this week was made possible only through the benevolence of the Americans who greeted the weary Pilgrims when they landed in 1620 after a long dreary ocean voyage. The Americans fed them with fine American corn and potatoes and introduced them to the delicious dish of succotash. More, they passed out the venison and turkey and showed the Pilgrims (who made no attempt to take out citizenship papers in the Agawam tribe) how to survive the rigors of the first Massachusetts winter.

Thanksgiving Day commemorates these early settlers' gratitude for having survived the first year here with the help of the American Reds. Of course the Pilgrims are looked upon as low-class immigrants by the FFV's. Descendants of these immigrants later waged a successful bourgeois-democratic revolution here. The Thanksgiving day for that is July 4. There are still some tories here, however, who keep Americans, Negroes, and anybody who works from ultimate freedom. On this Thanksgiving day, they are busily getting all Americans ready to fight for the mother country, as in 1914.

The American Red's turkey is still fine eating, though.

Sinister Mister Welles

A DAY or so after Cordell Hull left to enjoy a vacation of croquet and golf, his undersecretary of state, Sumner Welles, delivered the opening address to a conference of Latin American economic experts now meeting in Washington. This is an outgrowth of the conference at Panama convened upon the President's initiative in September, at which the same Mr. Welles represented the United States.

"Confidence," said the American official, "is the mother of credit," implying, as the press dispatch put it, "that American capital will find itself increasingly gun-shy about investments if certain governmental tendencies continue to the south."

What such tendencies might be were indicated by a draft opinion before the Mexican Supreme Court rejecting the claims of eighteen Dutch, British, and American oil companies whose properties were expropriated by the Cardenas government in 1938. The nationalization of oil was held legal under the Article 17 of the Mexican Constitution; some restitution of capital and equipment to the oil magnates was indicated.

But the State Department's declaration involves more than Mexico. "Monetary and credit arrangements constitute . . . only an intermediate assistance toward more basic economic activity," Mr. Welles declared. "Therefore, anything which we attempt in this field must necessarily be in accord with the underlying economic facts." "Underlying facts" disclosed the dilemma of the good neighbor policy. Improved trade relations with the Latin American countries depend upon finding markets for their products within the United States. This is related to the problem of credits and currency stability. In the twenties, American investors were badly burned when more than one billion dollars of Latin and South American bonds were defaulted. Wall Street shies clear of extending liberal credits, demanding that the government step in to compel payments on the bonds before more cash is forthcoming. The tendency within the administration is to finance trade to the south of us by direct Treasury funds. Early in September, the President proposed that the gold profits from the original devaluation of the dollar be used to stabilize Latin American currencies. Jesse Jones has offered government partnerships with private firms, financed in part by federal funds. Reliable reports indicate that congressional authorization will be asked for increased allowances by the Export-Import Bank for similar purposes.

But the important questions are: first, does the White House contemplate satisfying Wall Street by handouts from the Treasury under the guise of loaning money to Latin American countries to help them pay up on defaulted bonds? Second, are American funds going to be used, as in the twenties, to stymie the democratic industrialization of South America and enable petty dictators to line their own pockets with cash, repressing anti-imperialist and democratic activities among their peoples?

Judging from the attitude of Welles, the good neighbor policy is succumbing to the pressure of the fat boys, like so many other aspects of domestic and foreign affairs.

Two Meetings, Two Worlds

AT 7:45 the police shut the doors. "Can't get in," they said. "The place is filled." Some eight thousand people milled around outside. One had come fifty miles. No use. Madison Square Garden was packed tight with 22,000 men and women, come to celebrate the twenty-second anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution. Where they had all come from was a mystery. The New York *Times* described them as "22,000 Communists and sympathizers," but, as everybody knows, the Communists and their sympathizers were wiped out by the Soviet-German Non-Aggression Pact. Hadn't Ferdinand Lundberg, with the uncanny accuracy for which he is famous, written in the September 2 issue of the *New Leader,* "The Communist Party is virtually smashed"?

But what a meeting—one of the greatest that the Garden has ever seen. For comparison, not only in size but in spirit, one must go back to the 1936 Communist nominating convention in the same hall. It was a magnificent tribute to the USSR, to the Communist Party, and to its leader, Earl Browder, now under attack by the government and by reactionaries of every breed. The meeting stumped the gentlemen of the *Times* so badly that the author of its "Topics of the Times" editorial column was forced to the conclusion that the only reason the Communists are still able to bring them out in full force despite "Stalin's betrayal" and all the rest is that these 22,000 are just a bunch of saps.

Only the night before, the new anti-Comintern alliance of the Social Democratic Federation, *Jewish Daily Forward,* etc., had held *its* meeting. Place: Carnegie Hall; seating capacity, 2,700. Nobody was turned away because there were several hundred empty seats. Star speaker was that well known political corpse, Alexander Kerensky, whom the Russian workers and peasants drove from power on Nov. 7, 1917. Chief bible of hate was the anti-Soviet fantasies of the counterfeit "General Krivitsky" in the *Saturday Evening Post.*

Two meetings, two worlds. Life versus death. Humanity against its traducers. Can anyone doubt with whom the future lies?

Self-Criticism?

"THE American liberals who are now so busy snooting the Soviets ought to be warned that they are cooperating with some of the world's most powerful enemies of liberalism."—*Editorial in "New Republic," November 22.*

Imperialist Paradox

BRITISH hypocrisy toward India dramatizes England's true war aims. Recently the marquess of Zetland, secretary of state for India, told the House of Commons that British obligations to the Indian princes as well as the Moslem and "Untouchable" minorities made impossible the granting of independence which the All India National Congress demands. "The unity [India] possesses," said the marquess, "it owes to British rule." What complete cynicism this is: to deny India freedom on the grounds that she lacks unity when everyone knows that the deliberate British policy of "divide and rule" is responsible for those racial and national antagonisms that hamper India's unity!

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Spain's Fight for Freedom

Constancia de la Mora's "In Place of Splendor" and Edwin Rolfe's "The Lincoln Battalion" give a human and historical picture of the war in Spain.

IN PLACE OF SPLENDOR: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SPANISH WOMAN, *by Constancia de la Mora. Harcourt, Brace & Co. $3.*

CONSTANCIA DE LA MORA'S personal history is the biography of modern Spain. Her rebellion against an oppressive heritage grows in strength and clarity as it becomes identified with the resistance of the people to feudalism and fascism. Her courage and discipline and hope are rooted in the fate of a nation which has become for all mankind an inspiring symbol of its desire for a free and peaceful world. She has told a story of the struggle for human equality and dignity, the great theme of our time; and she has told it with a simple beauty, at once passionate and restrained, to which the ordinary vocabulary of praise is unequal.

At thirty-three, Constancia may look back upon a life as crowded with changeful events as the times in which we live. She was born into a class which sat on the lid of an eruptive peasantry and proletariat. Her grandfather, Don Antonio Maura, the wartime prime minister of Spain, was leader of the Conservative Party. Her father was managing director of the electric company in Madrid. The world of Constancia's childhood was divided into the "good" and the "bad"; that is to say, the rich and the poor. Her parents did not appreciate the ironic circumstance that she was fed at the breast of a peasant woman, nor the fact that the upper class child was taught English, in the fashion of the day, by a nurse who spoke the Irish peasant brogue. The stiff black dresses of the convent school to which Constancia was sent were an ugly token of the fantastic repression of independence fostered by the church and the aristocracy. But the fenced-in life of the convent, whether in Spain, or later in Cambridge, could not keep out the cruelty and meanness of an exploiting society. Constancia rebelled, slowly, hesitatingly, but surely.

"Anybody who knows anything of history," Marx once wrote to Dr. Kugelmann, "knows that great social changes are impossible without the feminine ferment. Social progress can be measured exactly by the social position of the fair sex (the ugly ones included)."

Constancia's life as a young woman under the monarchy was an unhappy reflection of a backward order. She could not pretend to admire the emptiness of the decadent aristocrats with whom she was supposed to associate. The country suffered under the military dictatorship of Primo de Rivera, and she suffered with it. But she had been taught nothing about politics and life. Her first marriage was

CONSTANCIA DE LA MORA *was head of the republican government's foreign press bureau during the Spanish war.*

EDWIN ROLFE, *a former editor of New Masses, fought with the Lincoln Battalion.*

an agony which she was compelled to endure in a society where divorces were impossible. Yet her energy was too great and her intellect too sharp to tolerate her slave status as a woman. She broke with her first husband, Bolin; she broke with the church; and she broke with the tradition of her class that women must not work for a living, come what may. Constancia's portrait of the monarchy is refreshingly satiric. The political and the human are subtly intertwined in her reminiscences of the period.

Her full awakening coincided with the awakening of Spain. The "feminine ferment" was beginning to work in the days when Alfonso was forced to flee. Constancia discovered that she was a republican, a citizen of Spain. The personal drama of her divorce was part of the larger conflict between a reactionary church hierarchy, working with the industrialists, and the Republican-Socialist coalition. Her marriage to Ignacio Hidalgo de Cisneros, the great hero of the republican air force, was a supremely just expression of her new life, the new life of her country. No treatment of love in modern fiction, I believe, is more sensitive and meaningful than the account of Constancia's and Ignacio's love in this book. It is in this relationship that the complex alliance between the political and the personal is most strikingly communicated. The sharing of a noble vision of life, the mutual devotion to the people's struggle, enriches the relationship and gives it an ultimate significance which no egoist can comprehend. There is no better answer in contemporary literature to the cynical view that one must *choose between* a personal life and politics, and no better demonstration, if only by contrast, that either one is hopelessly shallow without the other.

The events of 1936 put more than one theory to a crucial test. The view of the Republican government under Casares that Franco, Goded, Mola, and their employers would peacefully abide by the democratic will, that no action was needed against the inevitable coup—this spineless view, reminiscent of the Weimar republic, was soon enough to be smashed by bombs. The view that a unified military command was unnecessary proved equally foolish. Strength came from the people, and in time from true leaders of the people, like Negrin. The Caballero's, Araquistain's, and Prieto's could not survive the test of events. But for every one of these casualties there was a Modesto, a Lister, and a Pasionaria. There was work to be done, and these people did it, at Brunete and Belchite, at Teruel and Guadalajara. The odds against

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the people were enormous. Constancia de la Mora does well to remind us that those great "anti-fascists" of November 1939, Chamberlain, Blum, Daladier, the American State Department, coldbloodedly abandoned a legal democracy to the terror of Hitler and Mussolini. Constancia was at Geneva; she tells that bitter story at firsthand. She was told in Spain by a group of visiting MP's that they had come to investigate the treatment of fascist prisoners! Never were a country and a cause so cynically betrayed. The story is told here with restraint, but with unforgettable point and irrefutable evidence. As chief of the Foreign Press Bureau, Constancia was well aware of the attitude taken by the capitalist press of all countries. Editors sent indignant cables to correspondents who were too honest to confirm "reliable reports" of popular uprisings against the "Red government."

But there is the other side, the ennobling side. There was, first of all, the heroic devotion and self-sacrifice of the Spanish masses, who unswervingly supported Negrin despite the provocations of the Fifth Column and the Poumist agents of Franco. There was the International Brigade, the men of all lands who laid down their lives for a genuine fight against fascism. And there was the Soviet Union, the only country in the world that "printed the truth about Spain, from the beginning until the end." In the press department, Constancia met all the foreign correspondents: Matthews, Allen, Fernsworth, North, Minifie, and the others. One of these correspondents was Vincent Sheean. Surely this man knew what Constancia tells us here: that within the first month of the war, Soviet workers collected 140,000,000 rubles for the Spanish people; that the people wept with joy and cheered themselves hoarse when the Soviet food-ship *Neva* steamed into Alicante ("One people in the world had not deserted us"); that when all seemed lost the Soviet *Chatos* turned the tide; that the only voice raised in Geneva against non-intervention was that of the Soviet Union; that Spanish children, like Constancia's Luli, found a second home in the USSR, where many of them learned to read and write Spanish for the first time. Surely, Mr. Sheean must have heard Constancia tell about her trip to the Soviet Union, when Ignacio went to recuperate from a stroke: the sanatoria for workers, the model schools, the absence of class lines, the atmosphere of friendliness and good cheer, the concern about Spain. Mr. Sheean will have to do a lot more than name-calling to convince us that Chamberlain is the friend of the people and the Soviet government the enemy. He will have to persuade history to stand on its head.

The last days of the war were the most painful of course. The bombing of Barcelona, the internment of refugees in French concentration camps, the betrayal at Madrid of Casado and Besteiro, were hard blows. It took fortitude, conviction, and imagination to survive them. Constancia and Ignacio, like the overwhelming masses of the Spanish people, possessed those qualities. Their slogans were still, and ever will be: Better to die on one's feet than to live on one's knees; we prefer to be the widows of heroes rather than wives of cowards. They had learned discipline. The firing squads of Franco can never shoot down the twelve million. "Viva la republica!" cries Constancia at the end. "The fascist cannot make Spain fascist. We are a democratic people. We shall always be a democratic people. I know that Spain will soon again be free. Nothing can prevent it—for the united people of Spain will make a democracy with their blood and their courage."

If the cry seems shrill to those eternal depressibles who cannot survive the morning headlines, let them read this book. It is the living testament of a woman and a people who cannot be defeated. It is a profoundly moving experience. The highest endeavor of our time is faithfully recorded here in terms which refresh the human spirit. To overlook this volume is to cheat ourselves of a thrilling moment in the living literature of our epoch.

SAMUEL SILLEN.

THE LINCOLN BATTALION, *by Edwin Rolfe. Random House. $2.50.*

THIS is the first history and the most complete collection of stories and facts of the 2,800 American volunteers who fought for the great Spanish republic. For twenty-three months the Abraham Lincoln Battalion was part of the Spanish People's Army which inflicted the most effective blows thus far struck against the fascist empire. Now it is right to say that the Spanish People's Army was never defeated but was betrayed and starved by the French and British governments and a few other hireling traitors. Under their "non-intervention" guise, they accomplished what Franco could never do.

Now, more millions of people engaged in defending their lives and their progressive ideals from their own treacherous Francos and Casados can look to the fine fight of the Spanish people as an example and ideal.

The men of the Lincoln Battalion are proud of their own record of eleven major military engagements in which they took part and I think they will like and appreciate this history.

Edwin Rolfe was the editor of the International Brigade publication, *Volunteer for Liberty,* and one of the best known and best liked of the veterans. At the outset he says: "I have tried to tell the story of these Americans who fought in the Lincoln Battalion and a dozen other supporting units. Wherever possible I have used their own words." And these words are very effective, very revealing and truthful, and just as good as anything you ever read about war. We should be glad that somebody has recorded them.

The book is replete with stirring stories. Take the case of a dozen young volunteers who had just been given their rifles and were making their first slow trek up to their positions opposite the enemy lines when the Italian artillery spotted them. The first bolt was not very close, so nobody said anything. The second landed behind them and then quickly the third struck flaming in front of them. Everybody dropped to the ground until the earth settled and then one of the soldiers said. "What the hell are they trying to do, kill us?" I think more than one fellow said that on his first trip. Ray Steele, one of the best leaders the battalion had at Jarama and Brunete, where he was killed, would smile and say to new, confused soldiers, "You see, they're playing for keeps."

The author picked the essentials of warfare as the men felt them. For example, aviation is a tremendous demoralizing force. Rolfe recounts what one volunteer said about it at Brunete. If you repeat his words in a high voice, it is as close as you can come to a real bombing without being there and a lot more pleasant:

> Then they let loose with an awful whistle, scream, and the rush of bombs, then the explosion. The whole earth was blasted into pieces. It heaved and rocked and swayed and roared and smoked, and the bombs kept coming down and every time you heard that whistle and scream, you knew there was a shaft pointing to the small of your back and the bomb would hit you right there and blow you to a million pieces. . . . Waiting for that next explosion everything in you would be wound up tighter and tighter till you felt like screaming, "Come on, you bastards, drop it, drop it!"

In this collection of accounts of the men who fought well, hundreds of men are mentioned by name and it is impossible to give everyone the entire credit due; especially is it difficult in a popular, readable book like this one. But it must be said that there are a few notable omissions in this history. The Medical Units headed by Doctors Barsky and Busch and their corp of American nurses did some of the finest and most valiant work of the war. Dr. Mark Straus, Washington Battalion medico, saved many lives because he often risked his own. They surely belong in any account of the Americans in Spain and the men will consider it regrettable that they were missed. Ed Rolfe has written well of the *Guerrilleros* (guerrillas) headed by Alstrom and Goff and Alex Kunstlich (who is still missing), but the stories of these men who fought for months behind Franco's lines are not in this volume. But the main job is accomplished with all we could possibly expect of one who was an integral part of the fighting force.

Here is told, in detail, where the men came from and how they arrived at the important decision as to the cause which was worth giving their lives for, the errors that were made and how they were rectified. It is also indicated that all were not strong men. It was a tough fight and there were some deserters (less than 2 percent). Rolfe's evaluation of individuals there is, in the main, a good job. Of course, due to space questions, it was impossible to give the credit due to all the fine men whose roles are still relatively unknown. In the main, those Rolfe singled out, with few exceptions, are men the veterans loved and respected. And, meritorious, too, is the

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chronology, the mass offensive of Jarama, the clash of the Brunete offensive in the hottest part of sunny Spain, the capture of the highly fortified towns of Quinto and Belchite in the Aragon, the defense of Teruel where it was ten below zero after nightfall, the "perfect military operation" in the capture of Seguro de los Banos. Then the heartbreaking results of March and April before "the biggest concentration of war material on the smallest sector ever seen in modern warfare," followed by the great Ebro offensive. Fine, also, are the photographs and maps with which the book is liberally illustrated. Some of the best photos are by the famous Robert Capa.

Twelve hundred American boys died in these battles. Fifteen hundred are now in America, still defending the same principles of freedom and democracy that they fought for in Spain. For as long as they live, they can draw on the inspiration of this glorious chapter in the history of the Spanish people. They will be the first to defend America against fascism and in the fight against useless imperialistic war. They will constantly remind America of the great lesson of Spain.

The Lincoln Battalion has a great many "Friends" and supporters in America and many of them will enjoy and like this book by Eddie Rolfe and will agree with Ernest Hemingway: "I think you did a fine, fine job, Ed. It is a good book to have."

FRED KELLER.

Ellis' Self-Portrait

MY LIFE: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF HAVELOCK ELLIS. *Houghton Mifflin Co. $3.75.*

THIS autobiography was begun in 1899 and leisurely but carefully carried on, in the chosen periods when Havelock Ellis felt freshest, until a few weeks before his death this year in July. Ellis considered it his best book. No one else probably will agree with this evaluation, though the book calls for some superlatives. It may be the frankest autobiography produced by a famous man; it certainly is the most tedious presentation of a life I have ever read, isolating and concentrating upon elements which the public, through tact and good judgment, would prefer to turn aside from. Privacy allures most when it is inaccessible; the excitement experienced in a peep into a bedroom or a soul is converted into torment when one is obliged to enter bedroom or soul and stay there. It was torment for this conscientious reviewer to carry on, and by the four hundred and forty-oddth, of the six hundred and thirty-four solid pages, he broke down and leafed through the rest.

Apparently Ellis intended the book to be a monument to the love between himself and his brilliant but unstable and sick wife. Certainly no love triumphed, if this is to be considered a triumph, over stranger handicaps.

It began without strong attraction on either side. Ellis' general description of his sexual life, especially his slowness to take fire, suggests a deficiency comparable to semi-frigidity

A CHRISTMAS GIFT OF LIFE!

THERE will be little peace on earth this Christmas, little cheer or security for the people of half the world. Certainly not for the nearly 200,000 Spanish refugees in France. They fought nobly for democracy in their own country, against the aggression which threatens all Europe. But today, locked in the concentration camps, these Spanish anti-fascists are almost forgotten. At any moment they may be returned by the French authorities to fascist Spain. They face a future without help, without hope, with nothing but the prospect of death or imprisonment under Franco.

THEY can and must be saved, but your aid is needed!

THE SPANISH REFUGEE RELIEF CAMPAIGN is sending a Christmas shipment of relief materials to those in great need in the camps. Of even more importance is the necessity for transporting as many refugees as possible to friendly Latin-American countries and resettling them there. The SPANISH REFUGEE RELIEF CAMPAIGN has already helped in rendering much assistance of this nature. But the work must go on! It is the only certain method of saving the refugees' lives.

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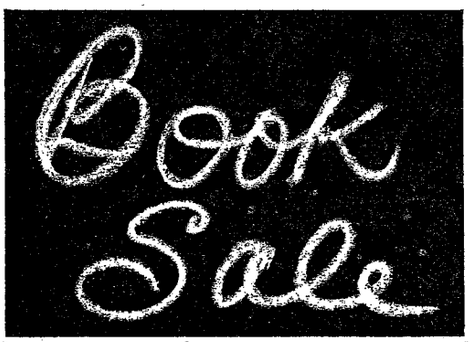

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in a woman. Indeed, the disclosures here would prompt one to believe that his scientific curiosity in sex was a compensation for its incompletion in his life.

On the other hand, Edith Ellis was Lesbian. The first disclosure of her love for a woman made Havelock Ellis suffer jealousies; the confessedly apathetic sex life between them ceased soon after. Havelock Ellis in due time found another woman, through whom for an interval he inflicted the sufferings of jealousy upon his wife. Through all this the "marriage" dragged out till it was terminated in the last, sad months of his wife's sickness-tortured life, by a legal separation.

About four hundred pages are given up to the recital of this dreary ordeal which, no doubt, will soon be epitomized and interpreted in psychoanalytic literature. Almost a hundred pages go to an equally tedious recapitulation of Mr. Ellis' lineage, done with a "racial" mumbo-jumbo scarcely conceivable in a scientist until we recall how Sir Oliver Lodge pulled ectoplasm over his own eyes. The rest of the book, devoted to Mr. Ellis' development, indicates that the floor Mr. Ellis wanted for his dance of life was a space sufficient to accommodate himself and his shadow, but surrounded with mirrors. There are references to the "world" as a thing to be conquered, pushed aside, or ignored. It is largely ignored in the book, leaving virtually dimensionless and featureless images, having the sort of attractiveness the hand has, held about an inch from one's eye.

One kernel in the whole book rewarded my gleaning. There is a brief reference to Ramsay MacDonald in the 1890's, then a young man, ambitious and careering. "She [Edith Ellis] was shocked when she found that at this time he, a declared Socialist, had written for the *Scottish Review* a pseudonymous article on Socialism which, though not exactly an attack, was a skillfully elaborated warning, from an assumed height of lofty superiority, against the risks and dangers of Socialism."

It must not be thought that this is part of any longer reflection on English politics, or on any important aspect of the world Mr. Ellis moved in. It is merely an aside and one of only a few such asides. Even the world affected by and affecting his books remains unmentioned. There are scarcely more than half a dozen references to his books, although the published titles include fifteen besides the autobiography. ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

Detective Reporter

HONORABLE SPY, *by John L. Spivak. Modern Age Publishers. 50 cents.*

BEFORE John L. Spivak set out upon his remarkable exploit of detective-reporting which resulted in the present series on the financial machinations of Father Coughlin, he did a job of reportorial investigation on the Japanese spy situation in America.

His findings, profusely documented as usual and dramatically written, make any fictional spy-thriller seem flaccid. But in addition to the dramatic content of Spivak's revelations, there is the sound, informative warning as to what the little sons of Hirohito are up to in our democracy. What is most important, too, there is an account of renegade Americans who would gladly sell their compatriots' safety to the Japanese warlords for a small fee.

The Department of Naval Intelligence, the FBI, and other spy chasers seldom utter a peep about the work of Japanese agents on the West Coast. Perhaps they have orders to pipe down lest the shipments of oil for the bombers of China and scrap iron for their bombs might be interfered with. Why, if the American people knew that "our best customer in the Orient" was actively plotting against us, there might be an embargo on shipments of war goods to them. Spivak tells plenty in *Honorable Spy.* A book entitled *Honorable State Department* might make a good sequel. JOHN STARK.

Deep River

THE DANUBE, *by Emil Lengyel. Random House. $3.75.*

THE Danube flows through twenty thousand years. That's the first line of this book and it's a good line. It's also a good book. Riparian interpretations of history have become a latter-day vogue: remember Emil Ludwig's *The Nile* and the growing series on American rivers.

The pitfalls of this method are obvious: like rivers themselves such books can be both shallow and over-picturesque, becoming nothing more than travelogues. Mr. Lengyel, it seems to me, avoids both errors. He has integrated the geography, the folklore, the personalities, and political economies of five nations whose destinies are bound in the swiftly flowing waters of the great Danube. It is a powerfully strategic waterway: beginning in lower Germany, it flows through Austria, separates Hungary in two parts, slices a corner off Yugoslavia and makes a common border for Rumania and Bulgaria.

The whole canvas of conflicting civilizations is here: the Turkish and Magyar invasions, the superimposition of capitalism upon the arrested disintegration of feudal relationships, the clash of imperialisms for which the Danubian countries form the hinterland. It is an easy book to read: always entertaining, full of charm and information, stimulating a greater interest in a vital sector of the European battlefront: the front where the ultimate decisions of the present war will be made.

J. S.

Flying for All?

I'LL TAKE THE HIGHROAD, *by Wolfgang Langewiesche. Harcourt, Brace & Co. $2.50.*

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and with the cost of flying time at $15 an hour, it took him two years, at the rate of about a half-hour a week, to build up enough time to take his private license. Then, as he puts it in effect, he knew exactly nothing. This is the common experience of the private pilot, who has no access to the training methods of the U. S. Army Air Corps, or to a well lined purse that would make it possible for him to learn the right way. Flying is still the sport of the well-to-do, and the cheapest safe airplane in the country still costs $1,200.

What do these young people—waitresses, garage-mechanics, students, office-workers—who want to fly, do? They do what Mr. Langewiesche did; they stint on their food, clothing, living quarters, parties, movies, small luxuries as well as necessities, to build up their time over long periods. They are "airport pilots"—possessing neither the money nor the experience to fly cross-country. Langewiesche managed it by various amazing expedients, but the way is not open to the majority. In England and France the government subsidizes workers' flying clubs; in the Soviet Union those desirous of learning to fly may fly at government expense; our own civilian flight-training is still severely limited to college men and women—the upper minority—and they are chosen with a fine comb. We have only one flying club for workers—named for Jimmy Collins. A. B.

Anniversary Issue

SOVIET RUSSIA TODAY, *November issue. 15c.*

THE November anniversary issues of *Soviet Russia Today,* celebrating the successive birthdays of the socialist order in the Soviet Union, have become valuable additions to any personal library. The twenty-second anniversary issue, just out, is textually and pictorially up to the highest standard. It contains eyewitness accounts of the recent events in Western Ukraine and Byelo Russia; Anna Louise Strong on "The Human Values behind the War"; Dr. Henry Sigerist on "Soviet Medicine: 1938"; Corliss Lamont on the moral issues in Soviet policy, a survey of the Soviet Pavilion's record at the World's Fair, a poem by Genevieve Taggard, and some authoritative book reviews and editorials.

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SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

Picasso

An evaluation of the great painter's work and its evolution over a period of forty years as represented in the Museum of Modern Art exhibition.

FORTY years of Picasso's art is on view at the Museum of Modern Art till Jan. 7, 1940. The exhibition will then be shown at the Art Institute of Chicago. Thereafter, it may be circulated throughout the country, as was the Van Gogh exhibition. The year's most important art event, it merits serious consideration.

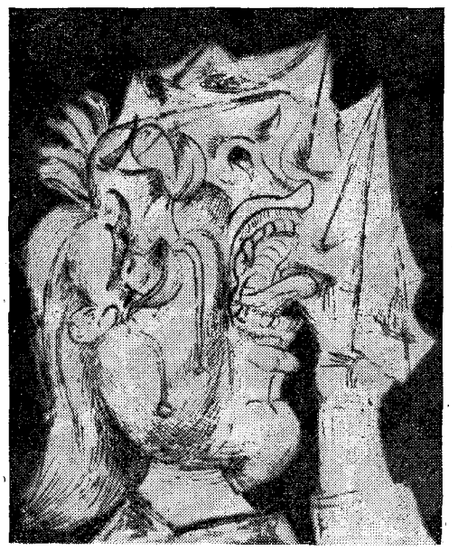
Picasso is the greatest living artist, we glibly say. For three decades he has dominated the artistic horizon. In cubism he started a ball rolling, felt 'round the world. Through abstractionism and surrealism, the touch of his brush has been known in remote zones of influence—in posters as far apart as those of McKnight-Kauffer and Cassandre, in modern typographical and book jacket design. In the realm of "pure" art, Picasso has been something more than a demi-god; his followers are legion.

How define his influence? Sheer impact and prolificity are the answer. Beyond immense intensity of feeling and fertility of invention, what other causes explain Picasso's commanding position in twentieth century art?

Over 350 items comprise the exhibition, the largest retrospective ever held. Previous opportunities to study Picasso were the large exhibitions in Paris and Zurich in 1932 and the first American comprehensive exhibition at Hartford in 1934. The Museum of Modern Art exhibition has the advantage of including work of the past decade, in which Picasso's mature powers came to grips with the tragically epic theme of *Guernica,* heroic mural painted for the Spanish Pavilion at the Paris 1937 Exposition. By its size, the exhibition is able to offer a rich choice of works in each of the periods—"blue," "rose," "Negro," cubist, abstract, neo-classic, psychological, "bone," surrealist—which have succeeded each other with great rapidity in Picasso's evolution.

Here is a monument. No present-day heir of the tradition of Western art can contemplate it without deep emotion. Whether Picasso's art speaks with authority or intelligibility to millions unlettered in art is a question, but the small group of artistically literate will respond profoundly to the exhibition and artists will study it with passionate care, even if the language be highly exclusive.

Should it be said of Picasso's art that it leads nowhere, because its powers of communication are limited to the few? Or are there lessons of form and content which can be applied to wider uses, to reach wider audiences, than the specialized exploration of plastic and spatial unknown lands? Abstract art has been appropriated with good results



STUDY FOR GUERNICA. *A head in ink and oil on canvas (18 by 21½ inches), lent by the artist for the current exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art in New York City.*

by modern industrial design. Can "painting as architecture" be so appropriated? If pictorial artists today turn toward realism, to a speech common to millions, can cubism's analysis and synthesis be put to work by them?

Solid forms and shapes of objects became the preoccupation of Picasso's neo-classic period. In his "blue" and "rose" periods he had already explored humanitarian sentiment, expressed in nostalgic attitudes and colors in a decorative two-dimensional idiom. In his "Negro" period, he utilized the distortions of African Negro art to achieve sculptural effects in painting. To formal achievements, he added a content of emotion, awe which could easily pass into horror. In later works, notably the *Seated Woman* of 1927, the metamorphosis did so take place. Thus his painting of 1907 may be thought of as preparation for 1927, which in turn leads to the 1937 *Guernica.*

Cubism—the analysis of natural forms into abstract semi-geometrical statements—developed logically from Cezanne's researches in volume. In Picasso's work, the newly popular conception of time as a dimension sought visual expression. Two-dimensional pictorial art fell back on the "device of simultaneity," a convention as defensible as perspective and modeling are in illusionistic painting. Already the infant cinema art had had this influence —it compelled painters to make their plastic equivalents for its *real* space-time continuum.

To consider Picasso's evolution solely in esthetic terms is inadequate. His choice and treatment of subject matter is both criticism and self-revelation. His early concentration on beggars, laundresses, circus folk shows human sympathy. The years of cubist experiment were a phase of intensive intellectual activity, in which humane and sensory objectives were put aside. In the neo-classic period, as *The Woman in White,* the theme of Picasso's painting foray into architecture is stability, a human architectonic. But stability has ceased to obsess him when he paints *Seated Woman* in 1927: rather he evokes depths of human feeling as somber as Gauguin's *Spirit of the Dead Watching.*

The decade 1927-37 saw Picasso concerned with subjects which seem more personal and capricious. Yet in his creation of a new content for painting, the psychological, he had added a new resource to painters' equipment. Henceforth painting might hope to guide the emotions of its audience in desired paths. Certainly Picasso sought to accomplish this end in *Guernica,* where he used every device of abstract and psychological art to express extreme horror. It is too soon to know if *Guernica* will carry his protest to history: To us who remember Spain, it speaks with the too powerful voice of unreconciled tragedy.

It is this search of a man for meaning which endows Picasso's esthetic odyssey with its compelling interest. His is the problem of every artist today, to find form for significance. A lesser genius falls back on tradition for support; a new movement evolving ceases to trust the aristocratic ideal or the subjective depths. Yet by the intensity of his struggles and by the profundity of his passions, Picasso has expressed his age. Its conflicts and confusions have been mirrored in his restless oscillation of style, its crisis recorded, its tragedy of waste (personal and social) chronicled.

ISABEL COOPER.

"Thunder Rock"

The Group Theater's production of Robert Ardrey's play.

WITH Robert Ardrey's *Thunder Rock* the Group Theater opened its ninth season with the most important play Broadway has seen this fall. It is still the most important play Broadway has seen this fall, although it closed almost immediately. It was important for what it had to say and the way it said it, as well as for the brilliant production that we have come to expect from the Group.

The daily reviewers did not like what Mr. Ardrey had to say, nor the way in which

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he said it; they patronized him with the adjectives "promising," "arresting," "interesting," but the net effect of their appraisals was to kill the play, which, though far from perfect, deserved a large audience and was considerably more than promising, arresting, and interesting. It performed; it was an evening in the theater. For when you realize that the daily reviewer gives as serious consideration to a George S. Kaufman play, a Jerome Kern musical or the latest Clare Boothe creampuff, as he gives to a serious dramatist, the distortion of values becomes more apparent. And it is my fond belief that anyone vitally interested in the theater would prefer an imperfect Ardrey to a slick McArthur or a witty Boothe.

The young author of *Casey Jones* and *How to Get Tough about It* here dealt with a conflict that persists down to the present day —ivory-towerism. This was a play of ideas, and by and large it was theatrically valid and dramatically exciting. To a small lighthouse on Thunder Rock in Lake Michigan, there comes one Charleston, a former newspaper writer of brilliance and distinction. A compassionate man, he has lost his objectivity; he feels that the world is going to hell in a wheelbarrow, and he wants no part of it. The things that he had seen in Spain and elsewhere had so revolted him that he wanted no contact with the outside world, and he has accepted the post of lightkeeper. He has no companions, no woman, not even a radio. He lives within himself.

Act One finds him in violent argument with his friend of long standing, the aviator Streeter. Streeter is quitting the Lighthouse Service (he flew monthly supplies to the lightkeeper); he has come to settle his debts, say farewell. He is going to China to fly for the legal Chinese government. Charleston accuses him of a romantic desire to commit suicide in the service of a lost cause; Streeter accuses his friend of cowardly evasion of life. The entire act flows around this argument, which ends in blows; it is brilliant in its evocation of the inner struggle of our times.

Charleston, the compassionate man, cannot live alone. He has peopled his solitude with phantoms: the captain and passengers of the *Land O' Lakes* that foundered off Thunder Rock in 1849. The captain is an American fresh-water sailor; the passengers were immigrants from the Old World, fleeing persecution, seeking liberty in America. There is a worker and his wife; a militant suffragette; a Viennese physician and his wife and daughter, fleeing their homeland because the doctor's experiments with anesthetics and with living animals had provoked the bigotry of his contemporaries, who burned him out of house and home. Charleston plays with these characters, with whose period and problems he feels at home; he puts the worker's wife into childbirth, kills her and the child. Captain Joshua, who is in reality his modern conscience, counsels him that he must see these people straight and whole; he tries. The situation he has wrought becomes insoluble; his

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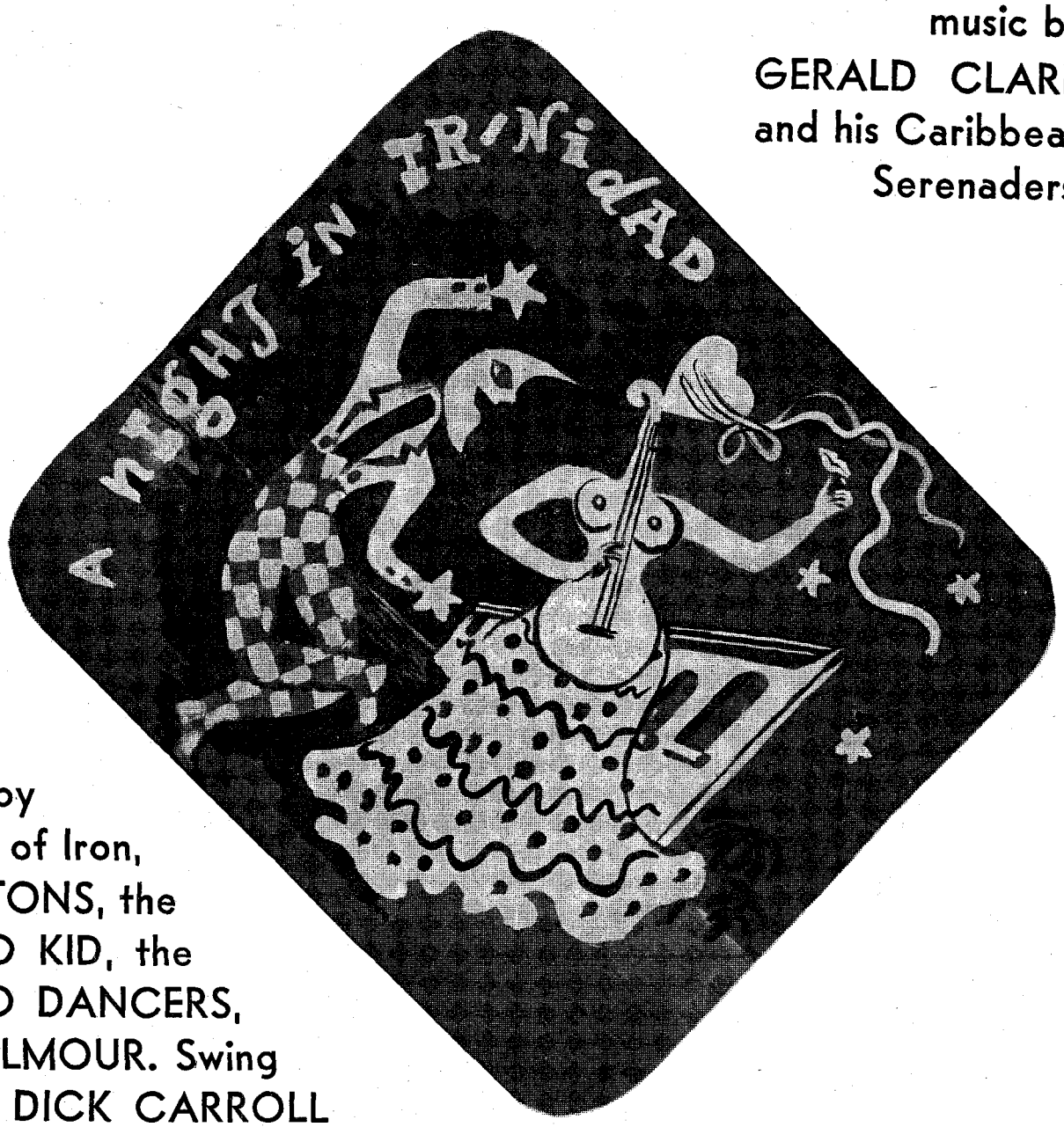

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characters, seeking haven in a world of opportunity, reveal their disillusionment with their own times—a disillusionment as deep and pervasive as Charleston's own. In vain he tries to tell them that the things they seek—the progress of science, the alleviation of the worker's lot, the loosening of the bonds of woman, are being achieved in our own. He conjures the names of Darwin, Brahms, Lincoln, young contemporaries of theirs who were even then working on these problems. The physician despairs. "I am talking of genius," he says; "these are young men; I appeal to your reason." Charleston, he says, has no way of knowing what time will bring forth; he has no right to hope. It is at this point that the lightkeeper must tell his people that they have been dead for ninety years (he has previously told the captain). They will not believe him, but through the instrumentality of the radio which he had refused to use, and the plaque on the lighthouse wall, he convinces them. "I dismiss you all," he says.

Unable to assist these people of his creation, despite his understanding of their problems and the years that have intervened since their death, Charleston is gradually forced back into his own times, our own. He realizes, after a further conversation with Streeter (dead in China), that it is impossible for him to remain aloof; he will go back into the world, lend his weight to the continuing struggle for man's liberation, for peace. This is the note on which the play ends, and the measure of its message.

Thunder Rock is not without its serious flaws as drama, but it was an experience in the theater that should not have been missed. Mr. Ardrey has not quite made up his mind what he wants to say; his message is, these days, slightly outmoded, for we are not troubled too much by ivory-towerism; and he breaks the stream of his ideas late in the play by injecting what is, in this context, a diversion —the necessity of keeping America out of war. But he has stated his ideas in terms of living people (even though some of them are dead, and ghosts are difficult to handle on the stage), and the Group gave him a production that was distinctly worth your time and money.

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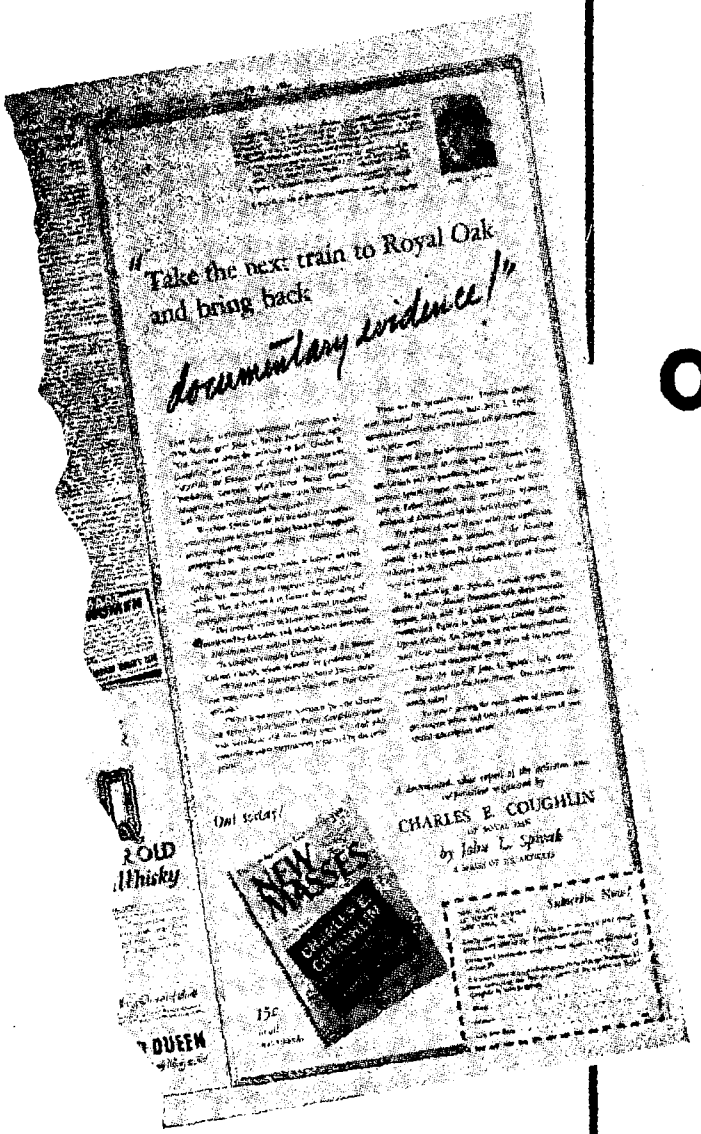
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